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Joe Mitchell Chapple's

Jan.-Feb, 1932

# NATIONAL magazine



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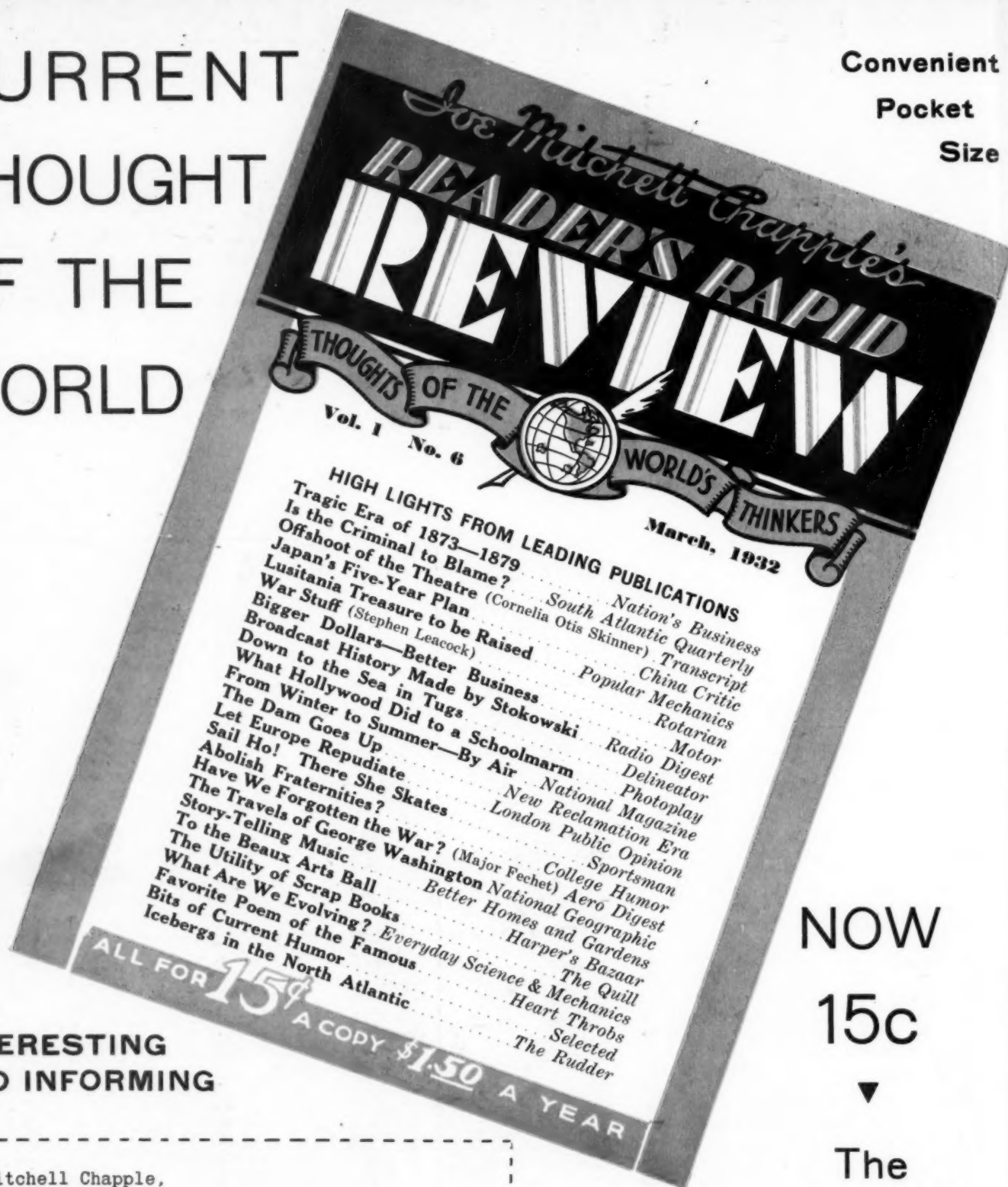
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Volume LX

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1932

New Series No. 2

## Affairs at Washington

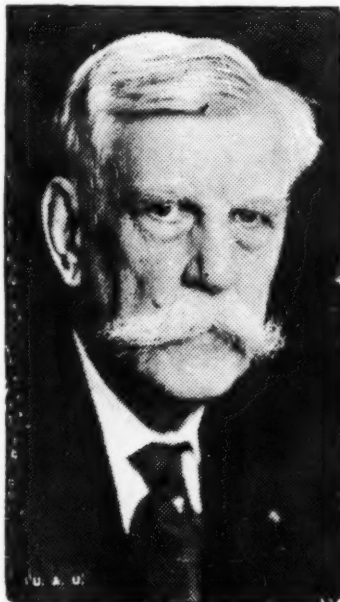
By Joe Mitchell Chapple



ELLOW feelings prevail among those active in affairs at Washington in these stirring winter days of 1932. Weather is balmy and fuel dealers speak softly. Political leaders huddling over campaign plans find situations muddled. Opposing political parties discover difficulties in a lining up on party issues. The country is calling for action on the problems that are common to the country

and to the world at large. The regularly constituted order of the Republican Committee Chairman in House survived "moving day" and are now in training for a campaign this fall to renew the expired lease. Advisors to Congress and the President travel to the Capital City as pilgrims to Mecca with an avalanche of suggestions as to what to do with the two billion Reconstruction Corporation fund. Each one has a sure-fire remedy to offer that will set things going if they will only expend the money in their section of the country.

LOOKING in on the Supreme Court I heard that grand old man of the Supreme Court deliver his last opinion. Although physically frail, assisted to his feet, he read in musical tones but halting voice a decision confirming a conviction under the Eighteenth Amendment. His long white moustache and shock of gray hair belied his ninety-one years. Soon after, he wrote his resignation which remains an eloquent tribute to his associates of the United States Supreme Court. The son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet,—soldier, statesman, lawyer and jurist of high renown, was the blue-eyed babe born on Beacon Hill in 1841 who has more than fulfilled the fond hopes of the admiring father. The spirit of his father's poem on "Old Ironsides"—"Ay, tear her shattered ensign down" has continued in the case of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. who was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court by Theodore Roosevelt, and has added distinction to the highest tribunal in the land. The sound judicial decisions he handed down, while on the supreme bench, will long be remembered in the world of law-makers, where justice reigns supreme.



Oliver Wendell Holmes, retiring from the U. S. Supreme Bench at 91 years of age

REDUCTION of salaries in Washington is the all-absorbing local question. While the solons under the dome are crying for economy and the reduction of appropriations, there is little interest manifested in the proposition of carving a few thousand dollars of the congressional payroll by those high-salaried officials, some of whom are interested in protecting Uncle Sam's payroll all down the line in general, with an eye on their own pay envelope in particular.

Propaganda is becoming a popular pastime in Washington under another name. Bureaus "looking after" the interests of various organizations and industries throughout the country are still thriving; in fact, some of the senatorial plans involve the establishment of still more bureaus, despite the President's policy of consolidation and elimination. The bill for the new Tariff Board seeks to take away the power of the executive as it has existed in times past, to meet emergency changes in the tariff and place it in the hands of Congress. This would seem to revert to the old entanglements involved whenever a tariff bill or even a stray schedule was taken over to be logrolled by Congress as representing the "sovereign will of the people," but they forget that the sovereign will of the people was first expressed in the selection of a president.

WHILE diplomatic notes have been passing rapidly through the Japanese Embassy, members of Congress and the country at large are doing a good deal of deep thinking on the Japanese activities and wondering if she is not the Germany of the Orient. Pacific coast Representatives and Senators are calling attention to the fact that they understood this particular oriental race long years ago. They evidenced little faith when Japan signed the treaty that should have guaranteed the peace of the Pacific. The outbreak in Honolulu where there is a large Japanese population and the defiant attitude of the Cherry Kingdom in general have stimulated interest in army and navy and aviation activities that is unusual. Uncle Sam looks on, wondering perhaps whether it will be necessary to further validate treaties with Japan or just file them away as mere scraps of paper.



**T**HE tall angular Secretary Hyde of the Agriculture Department has achieved a reputation as a humorist in recent speeches. While he strikes with the sturdy blow of a dirt farmer in his defence of the administration, he has fairness in stating his propositions that



Secretary of Agriculture  
Hon. Arthur M. Hyde,

the first magnitude, as well as a member of the Cabinet who knew how to give an account of his stewardship.

suggests the lucid illustrations of Lincoln. Incidents in the home town dealing with human nature in a homely colloquial manner serve him well. Before the Women's National Republican Club at the Waldorf-Astoria, he proved that the Missouri farm boy knows how to talk to the women voters of the elite in Gotham as well as the home folks in Missouri. The occasion was graced by the presence of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, first Lady of the Land. Secretary Hyde proved equal to the social graces of the occasion and spoke in the spirit of a comradeship as sovereign voters that is not prescribed as to gender. Mrs. Livermore, the charming presiding officer, hailed him as a humorist of

**A** GROUP of congressmen were discussing reports of various corporations that considered in committee hearings. Comments concerning the report and statement of Mr. Earl D. Babst, Chairman of the Board of the American Sugar Company were most favorable. In a single typewritten page he told the story of cane sugar refining established in Cuba two hundred years ago. To the present time Cuba still produces twice as much cane sugar as the domestic beet and cane sugar industries in the U. S. in spite of tariffs. France in December declared an actual embargo, following up an action of doubling the tariff on refined sugar imports. Mr. Babst points out that the law of supply and demand remains supreme with prices the lowest on record. During January the case of the domestic cane refiners was heard. The opening up of the refined sugar market on the equivalent of a free trade basis upset an equilibrium that was being established.

**C**REATING the Banking and Currency Committee in the Senate which finally reported the Federal Reserve Bill, former Senator Robert Owens of Oklahoma continues his interest in economics. Few men are more thoroughly versed on monetary matters. He recently prepared a bill which was introduced by Congressman Keller in the House and by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts in the Senate. It provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should keep on hand notes in a special account called an "Emergency Circulation Fund." They are to be of the same denomination as the treasury notes issued to Federal Reserve agents. Any bank, corporation or citizen shall have the right to deposit United States bonds to the amount of \$1,000 or multiple, and receive from such fund ninety percent of the face value of such bonds in U. S. Treasury notes, having the right to redeem these bonds by repaying the amount received on account of the bonds in United States currency with in-

terest at the rate of 5%. Failure to redeem such bonds within twelve months will result in forfeiture. This assurance of being able to obtain currency on Uncle Sam's securities would, it is believed check the demand as did the bill to resume specie payment in 1879. It checked the call for gold and started business going.

**T**HE tragedies of early aviation involve Louis Bleriot, destined to be one of the world's greatest aviators. Born near Paris in 1872, he became interested in aviation in his young manhood and early became an authority on matters pertaining to air travel. Sometime previous to 1909 he found himself financially interested in manufacture of heavier-than-air skycraft. But in those early days, flying was still deemed to be in an impractical, experimental stage and business men were slow to put their money into the making of aircraft. After years of struggle, Bleriot, in 1909, at the age of 37 found himself obligated with debts to the extent of \$50,000 and with no prospect of securing the money wherewith to face his creditors. The trouble preyed upon his sensitive consciousness until he felt that he could carry the mental burden no longer. He made up his mind that he would shuffle off this mortal coil and end it all. He had just reached this conclusion when there came to him the announcement made by the publishers of the London Daily Mail, that they would give a prize of one thousand pounds to the aviator who would be first to fly across the English Channel, from Calais to Dover. Here, indeed, was a safely camouflaged, perfectly respectable method



Hon. George H. Moses, President "pro tem" of the Senate  
by grace of the deadlock

of committing suicide, and with the added chance of winning a large sum of money with which to carry on a while longer in this vale of tears and creditors. Bleriot seized the chance and won the great prize and worldwide fame, and as the story-book says of the lover and sweet-



heart of the tale, when they finally marry, he like them, "lived happily ever after." He is still living, much loved and an important factor in the aviation world. He told this story of his Channel flight to a brother aviator, who in turn told it to me.

**I**N the resignation of Ambassador Charles G. Dawes a picturesque figure in diplomatic circles will be missing. Rumors of his becoming a presidential candidate have been vehemently denied. He insists that he is returning to take up work assigned him in connection with the World's Fair—the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933 and is going to support Hoover. And now the President has appointed him chairman of the Reconstruction corporation—the biggest banking job ever known in history. The selection has met popular approval.

**W**INTER months at Washington witnessed lively preparations for the national political conventions to be held in the good old summer time of 1932. The Democrats headed by Chairman Raskob with his Prohibition Repeal referendum plans, and Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, leading the Republican G. O. P. cohorts, lined up their respective committees for a titanic battle of the ballots in November and rehearsed a few college yells. Issues were confused, and the insurgents in both political parties are basking in the shadows with some of them hoping that a third political party will bloom again. Candidates have already thrown their hats in the ring. Governor Ritchie of Maryland started the ball rolling on "the night before" the Jackson birthday



Hon. Charles G. Dawes,  
Chairman Reconstruction Corporation

dinner, hoping that the applause would resound abroad. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith made the Mayflower Hotel his tepee for holding council with happy pilgrims. Although he maintained silence as to who was New York's favorite son candidate, it is apparent that the new Rooseveltian boom is in full swing throughout the country. The Ohio delegation maintained an ominous silence, but had a glint in their eye when the names of the favorite sons of Ohio were mentioned, including Newton D. Baker, the Secretary of War in Presi-

dent Wilson's Cabinet; Governor George W. White and James M. Cox, who was a candidate for president against Harding in 1921. The historic dinner was a brilliant affair and the speakers included a trio of defeated but hopeful candidates, who have "also ran"; Hon John W. Davis, who ran against Coolidge following the "great divide" at the ill-fated New York convention, with Smith and Cox complete the candidatal triangle.

**I**N the mellow spirit of the January deliberation the Senate throws off the mantle of partisanship and passes the first of the bills on the presidential program. While each senator has a special reception of his own—they subsided by a vote of sixty to eight. The power of Radio is evoked with illuminating "straw man" discussions, canned questions are answered "spontaneously" without the aid of a can opener. The answers appear "in the back of the book."

**A**S chairman of the Tariff Commission, Robert Lincoln O'Brien is following in the work of a notable public career. When he was called to serve Grover Cleveland as a young stenographer he remained to become his secretary. Although a Republican he went through a tariff contest where Grover Cleveland exercised the veto power that alienated him from his party on this issue, as well as that of the gold standard.

Mr. O'Brien's experience as a Washington correspondent has covered an eventful period of tariff-making, when he came in direct contact with the men who were framing the bills that have become historic. As a Washington correspondent, he won the confidence of public leaders.

In the editorial chair of the Boston Transcript he added further laurels to his ever-widening career. When he took charge of the Boston Herald it needed the guidance of an editorial pilot who helped to bring about the success that followed and still maintain the high traditions of the institution. Washington has been the scene of the larger part of his activities in public life, but his experiences extend to a thorough knowledge of the country and the world at large, having made a trip around the world, study-



Senator W. E. Borah, Chairman of the  
Committee on Foreign Relations who  
declares a boycott on Japan as tantamount to a declaration of war



Earl D. Babst, Chairman of the Board  
of the American Sugar Refining  
Company

ing the conditions and gathering information that will be of great service to the Tariff Commission in meeting the perplexing problems presented of tariff adjustments in these times. All nations now seem to be tariff-minded which may be considered a tribute to the system so long ago successfully adopted by the United States.

**I**N the hustle and bustle of a presidential election year, the Executive Director of the Republican National Committee has few moments to himself. It must have been a mighty attractive old Kentucky home in Jefferson County in 1888, the same year in which President



Robert H. Lucas, Executive Director Republican National Committee

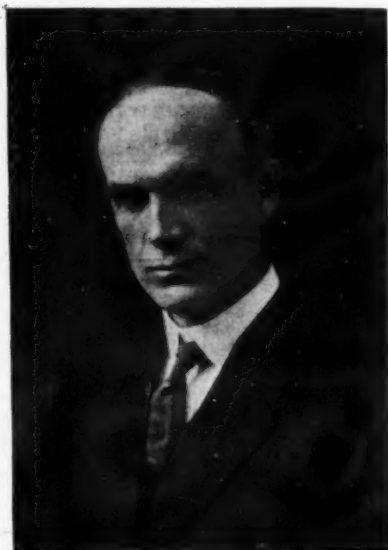
Harrison was elected, that the spirit of the G. O. P. smiled upon Robert H. Lucas, when he first opened his eyes upon his budding career.

Nothing makes for strength better than combat. In a border state—nigh to the solid south which numbered so many Democrats—young Lucas was busy in the debates at high school. Before graduating from the University of Louisville he decided upon law in general and politics in particular as a life vocation and avocation.

In 1909 Robert Lucas, while a Captain in the Kentucky National Guard, enthusiastically hung out his 'shingle'. He had some hard struggles to star the wheels of justice, but he was persistent and usually accomplished what he started out to do. That quality made him Chairman of the Jefferson County Republicans and later during the campaign of Charles Evans Hughes in 1916, his first 'take-off' as a leader in a presidential campaign.

From that vantage point, Robert Lucas attracted attention of Republican leaders throughout the country, for he had arrived at that point where it is whispered—"That young man will go far for he keeps an even keel" which is a key of success in politics as well as elsewhere. In 1917 he was appointed prosecuting attorney for the city of Louisville. Later he was appointed U. S. Internal

Revenue Collector at Louisville. In 1929 President Hoover called him to Washington, and appointed him U. S. Internal Revenue Commissioner. As Executive Director of the Republican National Campaign Committee some perplexing responsibilities rest upon him, but he has born the brunt of campaigns fore and aft, and knows how to proceed to set wheels in motion for one of the most eventful campaigns in all the history of these United States. Every Republican worthy of the name looks to Robert Lucas to keep up his persistent push, that every sail be in trim. Those who know him best say he will keep the course, and if the crew will push as hard as the Skipper, the Republican Campaign Ship will win the race.



Hon. Simeon D. Fess

**A**CTIVITIES at the War and State departments building indicate that events in the Orient are being watched with keen eyes, with ears open for advices by radiophone. The policy of Secretary Stimson in inaugurating an era of direct diplomacy in bearing fruit. Personal acquaintance and contact assist in making diplomatic notes more understandable and eliminate the danger of going off "half-cocked" on critical decisions. Few Secretaries of State have had a more extensive face to face contact with the leaders of foreign nations than the present head of the department. The machine guns at the entrance of the war department have a militant aspect, but a peaceful quite reigns within. The old flags from Fort Sumter hang on the wall opposite a portrait of Jefferson Davis who was a Secretary of War prior to the Civil War—looking upon a bust of Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War. Secretary Hurley has been busy at the Senate hearing on Phillipine Affairs, giving a report of his observations and submitting to the usual grilling that seems necessary to

give a senatorial hearing any show of publicity for some of the committee who are not insensible to the thrill of a "mention" now and then as a "flayer." Secretary Hurley did walk out one day after a series of "hot shots" associating his statements with the record of Ananias. The blessed peacemakers were on hand and soon had the "flare-up" fixed up so that the show might go merrily on and get our house in order



Former U. S. Senator Owen



WHEN it comes to analyzing figures and finding the "why and wherefore" that something should not be done, Senator James Couzens of Michigan is called. He has a way of watching proceedings that was begun in the early operations of the Ford plant at Detroit.



Hon. James Couzens,  
U. S. Senator from Michigan

He keeps a weather eye on the radio in general and Secretary Mellon in particular. A genial and hearty companion in a social gathering, he can develop the steely eye of a gladiator when aroused. The day he decided to run for the United States Senate that day he determined if elected to make public service his exclusive occupations. While classed as a member of the Progressive bloc, he steps outside the charmed circle like Senator Borah now and then, with the same independent and fearless manner in which he put himself outside the pale of traditions of industrial management, insisting that five dollars should be the minimum wage at the Ford plant.

FEBRUARY, 1932 is marked swift-moving in Washington. It includes two great birthday holidays and the extra twenty-four hours of Leap Year. Congressional oratory "as to what Washington and Lincoln would do" relieves the routine of querulous

debate. A contrast to the days of Webster and Henry Clay in the Senate is presented as solons gather from the Democratic side around the desk of Senator Walcott, with his Reconstruction bill, in the posture of the family group. Senator Copeland lolls on the desk diagnosing, and Smoot nearby has both ears focused for "hearing the score," for the discussion continues in a low conversational tone. Fess interjects a note of staccato, while the shrill voice of Smith of Carolina echoes objections across the aisle. Stately in a Prince Albert coat, Fletcher of Florida brings forth a precedent. LaFollette, black hair parted in the middle, arises with an angular gesture, to punch in an "interpolation." Shipstead in the back row flutters pages of the bill to discover a joker, word or phrase, Joe Robinson looks on serene but King of Utah is eagerly searching for flaws in the "frame work" of the bill. Former Senator Tom Heflin, attired in a white vest and ribboned eye glasses, stands behind on the side lines, holding himself in leash from participating in debate. Gallery corridors are filled with long lines of people waiting, suggesting a popular picture show.

PROCEEDINGS are punctuated by a tap of the gavel from President *pro-tem* Moses, presiding by grace of the deadlock. Books are piled high by the busy pages on the desks of the senators about to clear their voices for a speech and furnish copy for The Record. Borah glides in with a side glance at those engaged in the free-for-all questionnaire. Walcott of Connecticut, grim as a nutmeg, answers questions, telling how the remedy bill will work in saving the financial situation.

THE Senate vigorously exercised its prerogative in confirming the President's appointments during the present session. Records of every appointee are thoroughly scanned and in some instances candidates were recalled to be "looked over" before being employed. Even Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic leader, had trouble with his selection of Henry Couch of Arkansas, as one of the three Democratic directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, while Jesse H. Jones of Houston, Texas went through with flying colors. Mr. Jones was the genial host who captured the Democratic Convention for Houston, Texas in 1928. The first \$500,000,000. of Uncle Sam's cash to be used as working capital was passed without a record vote and a few minor amendments. A gigantic innovation in governmental financing, this venture is the most stupendous banking proposition which any nation in history has ever undertaken.

AT the White House, Father Cox's Army had come and gone, after greeting the President and leaving him a scrap of paper well distributed before arrival. Pictures were taken and the petition filed in orderly manner, making another edition of the "Coxey Army" idea as a hard times panacea.

The President was preparing special messages to keep Congress on the *qui vive*—on the job—to speak prosaically. The administrative program is well defined and the people are looking for legislation not proscribed by partisan labels.

THE new Department of Commerce Building costing \$14,000,000, is the largest business building in the world, a tribute to the genius of Trade. It is a symbol of a new era of scientific, human and aggressive exploitation of Uncle Sam's products at home and abroad. The structure is the last word in modern office quarters, simple and complete, and reflects the dream of Herbert Hoover as Secretary of Commerce who planned well for the vital part that commerce will play in the coming decades. The department now includes the Patent office. Many acres of floor are required to take the place of scattered quarters for which Uncle Sam has paid out millions in rentals.



# Biographic Flash of a Hoosier Banker

*Rome Stephenson, ex-President of the American Bankers Association not only made a name for himself but gave himself a classic name before starting out to make his own way in the world.*

WHEN Rome C. Stephenson was elected President of the American Bankers Association it was a recognition of the achievements of a self-reliant, clear-headed, self-made American. Addressing an audience in New York City, made up of eminent bankers and business men, his lucid and clear-cut statements further evidenced the genius of a thinker as well as the financial leader.

During his administration clouds gathered in the depression, but long before this arrived, he had pointed out with the voice of prophecy that railroad property was an index to good times. An eloquent presentation was made of the vital stake which all the people held in the railroads; although they might not be listed as stockholders. Then followed the struggle for the advance of rates awarded by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It was Rome Stephenson who pointed out that we sometimes take too much for granted that which serves us well in public affairs, and he cited the railroads as an example.

A sweeping inventory of the investment in a quarter billion miles of railroad trackage, to say nothing of the equipment representing over a twelve billion dollar investment was made, pointing out that one railroad had over two hundred thousand individual stockholders. All of this phenomenal development that came with the railroads has occurred within the last hundred years.

"The romance of creative business thrills through every chapter of the development of American railroading,—and the undreamed fulfilment of the astounding faith that impelled those early builders in Modern America.

"When railroading began in the United States four-fifths of the people lived in the states along and adjacent to the northern Atlantic seaboard. For the rest, the country presented a scene of scattering population dotting the southern and western states and valleys, surrounded by vast expanses of virgin forests and prairies which were still the hunting grounds of meager Indian tribes.

"It was this scene that railroading created into the America we know today, with its 122 million of population, its 400 billion dollars in wealth, its forty-eight teeming states covering three million square miles of highly productive, widely diversified yet closely associated territory, and supporting hundreds of communities of which nearly 100 cities have populations ranging from one hundred thousand persons up to New York's seven million. Nine of these cities have population in excess of

a million persons, and New York City alone is not far behind the total number of persons in the whole United States when our railroaders began to dream and build this modern nation.

"The roads are rendering better service to the public than ever before—and have



Hon. Rome C. Stephenson  
Former president American Bankers

been doing it under inadequate earnings simply because amazing economies in operating costs have been put into effect. But these economies, our railroad men tell us, cannot go further without impairing efficiency and service, and already from the broader view of social effect there have been some questionable results. Enforced economies have been gained in part at the expense of employment, and as a result there were 320,000 fewer railroad employees in 1930 than in 1923. At the peak there were two million railroad workers, now there are but 1½ million—as a result of lost traffic and drastic economies 500,000 railroad jobs are gone."

As he was graphically reciting this story of railroads, sometimes I thought of the lad, Rome Stephenson energetically pushing up and down the aisles of a passenger coach, plying his wares as a newsboy on the Wabash Railway. This brief experience gave him a systematic understanding of railroad men and railroad operation. The inspiration to push on with the work came from the fact that the late Thomas Edison had held a similar job on the Grand Trunk

Railway when he was sixteen years of age.

Rome Stephenson was born on the banks of the Wabash with no apologies to Paul Dreiser's song, in a town called Wabash. The son of a small town business man on Main Street, he began supporting himself at the age of fourteen. Prior to this he had played a part in making a real name for himself. Christened Romeo, he pleaded with his father and was permitted to call himself Rome. That sounded to him a little more like a regular fellow. Desiring a middle name he chose the name of a favorite family horse, stable safe old Charles; consequently, the president of the American Bankers Association had something to do with his given name. Selling pond lilies was his first business venture. At a reception given by the widow of Indiana's war governor, Mrs. Oliver P. Morton, he observed that the decorations were pond lilies and that they cost three dollars a dozen. Next morning he made tracks for Lake Manitou where he picked six hundred lillies for which he received twelve dollars from the local florist. With a dozen hard earned dollars as capital stock, he decided to keep on selling something and began as a book agent, ringing doorbells and convincing housewives that "The Golden Censor" was a good book. This proved the magic wand, and he put in a side line for selling a recipe for removing grease spots, and accumulated three dollars the first day out of this magic recipe.

Then came his experience as a news vendor on the train already referred to, which crystallized into an ambition to attend West Point. Studying nights he made preparations for the examination, but when ready for the entrance test it was discovered there were no openings in his age group. This was a bitter disappointment, but he decided to bury it all in reading Blackstone in the office of George W. Holman, with a purpose of becoming an attorney. With his law he indulged in political activities long before he could vote.

While practicing law in Hoosierdom he was one of the young delegates at the Republican National Convention that renominated McKinley in 1900 and Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President, serving also as assistant secretary to the Convention in 1904.

The tall, six foot, broad-shouldered young man early realized that he had to play the effective part of the game of life relying on himself and he decided not to lean much on others.

While practicing law it was early evident that he had a genius for banking. He organized the Rochester Trust and Sav-

Continued on page 70

# Collecting Salt Deposits from Rain Water

*Over one thousand experiments by Dr. Nicholas Knight, the eminent authority on Chemistry at Cornell College in Iowa, has proved how the salt of the seas is carried to the fields of the west*

By ELIZABETH WHITE PARKS

**N**OT a collector of rare books, nor antiques, nor orientals; but a collector of rain water?

In a small Iowa college town lives a professor of chemistry, known to his students as Dr. Knight, who at the appearance of a darkening cloud in a clear-blue sky places dispanns on the cistern top or in the backyard of his home. This fresh soft water thus collected is carefully bottled and stop-

found in the rain water in Iowa signifies that east winds crossing the continent westward have carried with them salt from the Atlantic ocean and winds from the south have brought quantities of salt from the Gulf of Mexico. Readings of the tables distinctly show that rainfall following two or three days of strong winds from the east or south bring much larger quantities of salt than a rainfall not preceded or accompanied by these easterly or southerly winds familiar to the Iowa inhabitant.

Although Mount Vernon stretching along the Lincoln Highway has no factories and only a population of 1400 the tracings of sulphuric acid found in the water analysis during the winter months, beginning in the middle of October and lasting until the middle of May when fires are no longer needed, come from the coal used in the college heating plant and private dwellings and business houses in the town, is the opinion of Dr. Knight.

The finding of sulphuric acid in the air in Iowa led to an interesting observation. While traveling in England Dr. Knight noticed that the stone composing the British Houses of Parliament was crumbling. Through his friend, John Burns, prominent labor leader in Parliament, he obtained a piece of rock from the Sheffield quarries from which the Houses of Parliament are constructed. An analysis of this rock determined that the premature crumbling of the stones composing the structures was caused by the thick smoke pervading London.

In contrast the rock used in buildings in Rome, which is 2500 years old, shows no sign of decomposition. Dr. Knight attributed this to the fact that there is little coal used in Rome.

Dr. Knight maintains that future crumbling of the stone used in architecture may be prevented by the changing of the smoke which contains sulphuric acid into water. Further research in chemical laboratories has borne out the theory that the composition of rain water has a direct bearing on the weathering of limestone buildings all over the United States.

The readings of nitrogen in Iowa rain water has been of marked significance to those who are pursuing further research in determining the amount of nitrogen washed into the soil from the air. Researchers in the study of straw and cornstalk utilization which up to

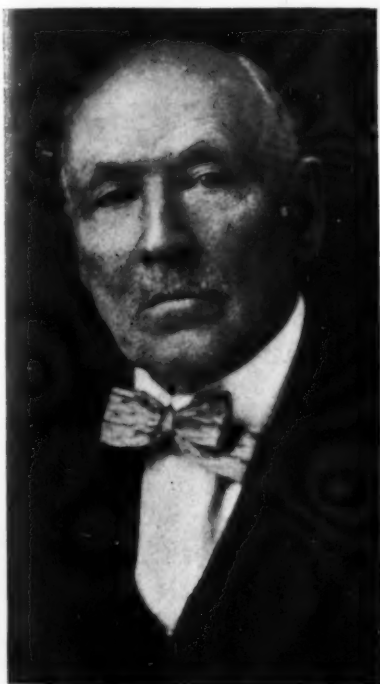
the present is an Iowa waste material feel the need of knowing just the exact amount of chemical elements carried into the soil of Iowa by the rains and snows.

When Dr. Knight first began the study of rainfall he realized the significant importance of the subject in his research with Prof. Frederick Rose of Strassburg University where he was a student for two years.

Several years ago the building housing the chemistry department at Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, burned. Until this fall he carried on his work in the basement of one of the buildings. But through his own perseverance and personal efforts in raising money himself he obtained a sufficiently large sum to re-equip two floors of "Old Sem", the oldest building on the Cornell campus. He and his associate, Prof. James Culbertson, now work in an up-to-the-minute fitted-up laboratory.

This is not the first chemistry laboratory for which Dr. Knight has raised the funds. He was professor of natural sciences at Cazenovia, New York, seminary for four years following his graduation from Syracuse University in 1882 where he received the degree of A. B. and later continuing

*Continued on page 70*



Dr. Nicholas Knight,  
Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa

pered and carried to the chemical laboratories of the tree-dotted hilltop of Cornell college, where students in the department of chemistry analyze the water.

For 22 years the rains and snows precipitated in Mount Vernon, Iowa, have been analyzed under the supervision of the penetrating eye of Dr. Nicholas Knight, who for 33 years has been head of the chemistry department at Cornell college.

In his analysis of more than a thousand rainfalls and snows Dr. Knight has determined the quantity of nitrogen, chlorides, and sulphates which are washed into the Iowa soil by these rains and snows.

One of the most significant features of the analysis is the tracings of salt in the chlorides. Through his tests he has determined that rains deposit yearly from 4 to 5 pounds of salt in every acre of ground in the state. The presence of salt



The "Old Sem" with romantic memories now the  
Chemical Building of Cornell College



# Making the Golden Rule a Reality

*The Foundation in New York under the direction of Mr. Vickrey that carries on the Golden Rule work following the annual observance by the people.*

**T**HE nationwide observance of Golden Rule Week last year provided an impressive object lesson in thousands of homes. Even in these days of strenuous economizing, many family groups cut something out of their individual subsistence for these eventful seven days to help the hungry and needy children all over the world cared for by the Golden Rule Foundation. It was indeed a week of sacrifice that counted for good. The work so well begun by Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, to meet the situation in the Near East some years ago, where even hundreds of thousands of children were saved from starvation and even educated, has evolved into a movement that will continue as long as there is a child in need, and the Golden Rule is read and revered by the American people.

The observance first started with one day—a Golden Rule Sunday, but is now extended to seven days. The nation-wide hookup radio program conducted by Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*, included a most eloquent opening prayer prepared by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, which was offered as grace before the first meal in the week's observance:

Thanks be unto Thee, O giver of our  
Daily Bread,  
For this Communion of the Golden  
Rule.  
May this plain food strengthen our  
bodies;  
And the loving cup of kindness re-  
fresh our souls.  
Bless the great multitude of homeless  
children,  
Whom we greet in spirit at our table  
today.  
Orphaned, may they find in Thee a  
Father;



A group of Golden Rulers

Helpless, may they find in us true helpers.  
In their hunger we would feed them,  
In their nakedness we would clothe them,  
In the prison of man's cruelty we would visit  
them.



Mr. C. V. Vickrey  
Director Golden Rule Foundation

Grant, O Father most merciful and loving,  
That our hearts may hear the benediction  
Of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ:  
Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of  
these,  
Ye have done it unto Me AMEN.

As the international expression of good will grows in the world, it will give further impetus to the objects of this organization. The seven days between Thanksgiving and Christmas, known as Golden Rule Week, are now regarded as a privilege for personal sacrifice, responding to the call of distress and need. What more fitting preparation for Christmastime than to feel that someone has been helped, on the outside, before we enjoy the festivities of the

Yuletide inside our own homes in cheery warmth and comfort.

The rich fruitage of the activities of the Golden Rule Foundation is already re-



"We like Golden Rule Folk"

vealed in the person of thousands of young men and women, who ten years ago were children salvaged in the wreck of massacres and bloodshed following the World War.

If a panorama of the scenes witnessed by the energetic and earnest workers of the Golden Rule Foundation could be presented, there would be a hearty and generous response to the plaintive cry of little children, not only hungering for food, but those other needs and requirements provided to help them to help themselves.

In the radio program instances were reported of the children in entire villages helpless in the closing of mines and industries who were being cared for until they could have some means of earning their living. This is only fulfilling the pledge given to every child born on American soil of being cared for in childhood and trained for a livelihood.

The Golden Rule Week at least remains us of the fundamental tenet of human relations that has been the ideal for ages past since the immortal words were spoken in the Sermon on the Mount. If Golden us of these hopeful words to reconsecrate Rule Week does nothing more than remind ourselves in again reciting the Golden Rule with heartfelt purpose, it will have accomplished much.

It is encouraging to know that this helpful work is being so well carried on during these trying times. With the inspira-

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# Washington, Two Hundred Years After

*A new Biographical sketch of the Father of His Country written after visiting the scenes associated with his eventful career in the light of two centuries after.*

By JOHN E. JONES

## CHAPTER 4

### *Ancestry of the Red Cross*

The "equality of the sexes" has been speeded up at a tremendous rate during the past few years but we must not forget that women have played their parts in human affairs in all times. Without women back of the enterprise the Bicentennial celebration would lose most of its fervor; and had it not been for a group of patriotic women who arranged for the purchase of Mount Vernon and who have managed its affairs since Civil War times the old mansion would have fallen into decay. There was plenty of glory in the George Washington family for all its members, but the spotlight of history has been kept on the soldier and statesman and his great deeds. The result has been that Martha has been eclipsed by the radiance of her husband's record as the liberator of the World's greatest nation.

The people of Washington's time used to say that he was the father only of his country. The collateral branches of his family have existed in the Custises and Lees and other persons. Martha's children were by her first husband, and through them, principally, we trace the family links that carry us back to the name of George Washington. History has been stingy with Martha, who was a tower of strength and influence in her time.

Martha Washington went to Morristown to spend the Winter in camp, as was her custom, and when the women of that community gathered about her she said to them: "The separation from the mother country will dry up the sources of many of our comforts. We must be independent by our determination and do without what we can't make ourselves." She told them of the sixteen spinning wheels she had left in operation at her home in Mount Vernon, making homespun for the soldiers, and she appealed to them: "Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry."

The women of the revolution bore heavy burdens and suffered great hardships and it should not be forgotten that they did their share in meeting every situation that faced the armies, and the new country.

Agencies like our modern Red Cross, and organized methods such as were perfected during the World War, were unknown to the pioneer women of Colonial days. But their sturdy heroism was unflinching, and when their husbands, sons,

or brothers, returned from the front wounded, sick and disabled they would nurse them back to health in their own homes, and then send them forth again to join their fighting comrades who struggled with Washington's armies.

Thus the ancestry of the American Red Cross served its country, and in knitting, sewing — and in spinning homespun, which Martha and all those brave women wore, the women then — and in all that long, terrific struggle, performed their full part.

### *The Patriots Struggled On*

The credit of Congress failed, and Robert Morris became the man of the hour directing measures for financing the army. He had wealth and influence and great personal magnetism. He appealed to every class of citizens to contribute to the support of the patriot cause. In the absence of valuable public "securities" he distributed his personal notes as guarantees that money would be returned. Bankers, merchants, tradesmen and professional men contributed their share.

Some of our historians have described an incident of Morris' experience with a Quaker farmer, who declared himself a "man of peace," but who believed "friend George a good man and fighting a good cause," and in testimony whereof he dug up a box of gold coin and gave it willingly to Morris. In handing over his contribution to Morris the Quaker recounted how William Penn had written a book almost a hundred years before on "The Present and Future Peace of Europe," in which he advocated a Congress of the Nations of Europe, and he argued with Morris that such an alliance would make it unnecessary for the people of America "to spill their brother's blood any more."

Washington understood the Quakers and was tolerant of their conscientious objections to war. Once he wrote to them and said: "There is no denomination among us who are more exemplary and useful citizens."

The patriots fought on. The colonies produced some of the finest types of citizens in the World, and there was no lack of brains and strength and determination among that class to conduct the affairs of a far-flung military effort to protect New England, the seaboard, and the inland regions from being lost to the great cause. We are apt to think that Washington did it all. While his fortitude and leadership is unmatched in the history of semi-organized warfare, it must be remembered that he was backed by the confidence and support — though sometimes their powers seemed most insignificant — of the patriot citizens, the patriot clergy, and the patriot officers, and patriot soldiers.



The popular and official likeness of George Washington

*Darkest Days*

The revolution touched zero at Valley Forge. The soldiers were half clad, and most of them marched towards Winter quarters bare-footed. On those cold and bleak hills they built cabins and huts, and hastily constructed their camps from trees which they felled. One-third of them were sick, but they rolled down their blankets and slept as best they could. They huddled about camp fires; they cursed, and complained—and who could blame them.

In that forlorn camp was John Marshall, whose name has come down in history as the Nation's great Chief Justice. He encouraged and organized the game of pitching horse shoes at Valley Forge, and his leadership in that sport interested the camp and helped to cheer up the soldiers. It aided the morale of the army, just as his later decisions as Chief Justice bolstered up our tottering constitution and stabilized civil government.

As though there were not troubles enough Washington received a remonstrance from the legislature of Pennsylvania against using Valley Forge as a refuge. Washington replied to the governor, saying:

"Dear Governor Clinton: For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

Martha Washington was there. Doctor Thatcher found her in the hut of a soldier who was dying, helping the young wife, and kneeling with her to pray beside the dying man. And when he died it was Martha who covered his face, and comforted the saddened wife. And all that long, dreary winter we find her nursing the sick, mending and sewing soldier's clothing, and encouraging and directing different forms of relief.

*Fighting With Quill and Ink*

Washington wrote from Valley Forge on Christmas Day in answering a remonstrance from Philadelphia: "I can assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and, from my soul, I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

To Congress he wrote . . . suppose that public virtue alone will enable men to forego the ease and comforts of life, to encounter the hardships and dangers of war for a bare subsistence, when their companions and friends are amassing

large fortunes, is viewing human nature rather as it should be, than as it really is."

A number of jealous Generals, including Gates, Mifflin, and Conway, joined in a scheme with a few malcontents of the Continental Congress to deprive Washington of supreme command of the army. They created the "Conway Cabal." It was undoubtedly a very foolish movement, and the importance of it has been overrated by many writers. These same Generals became panicky when at one of their gatherings they sought to inveigle LaFayette into their affairs, and he proved too clever for them.

While everybody but Washington was being toasted, LaFayette raised his glass, and said: "Gentlemen, I perceive one toast has been omitted, which I now propose—to the Commander in Chief of the Amer-



Martha Washington

ican armies." The Generals were obliged to join him, though they did it grudgingly.

The Conway document proved to be something of a dud, and most of the prominent leaders of the new country paid no attention to it. Patrick Henry secured a copy of this document and sent it to Washington. The latter penned a note to Conway to let him know that the scheming Generals had been uncovered, whereupon Conway, Gates, Mifflin, et al., became very active concocting alibis to prove that "they never meant it." Washington, in his usual generous manner, let them off.

With the scheming politicians outside

the army Washington had less patience. "Do they think soldiers are made of sticks and stones?" he asked.

"My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me," he declared. "They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defense I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal."

Again, he cried out: "Where are the leaders: Where is Wythe—Mason—Jefferson?" He complained that party disputes and personal quarrels were the great business of the day, while the momentous concerns of America were of but secondary consideration.

*When Washington Was the Revolution*

While the hearts of the patriots ached and bled the Tories were living high in Philadelphia. They purchased food through the country, and Washington issued orders to cut off their supplies by going out into the country and seizing grain, forage and supplies for the army.

"What held the patriot forces together?" asked Senator Beveridge in his unexcelled historical story of the Life of John Marshall. And this is Beveridge's answer to his own question. "George Washington and he alone. Had he died, or had he been seriously disabled, the revolution would have ended. Had typhoid fever seized Washington for a month, had any of those diseases, with which the army was plagued, confined him, the patriot standard would have fallen forever. Washington was the soul of the American cause. Washington was the Government. Washington was the revolution."

In the end he pieced his army together and went from Valley Forge to Monmouth where he gained an encouraging victory over the British grand army.

*No Use for a Crown*

At one time some of Washington's officers proposed to make him King. The circumstance has unfortunately been used in attempts to make it appear that a kingship was actually offered to Washington, and that he refused it. The people of that day were in no mood for such a proposition, and perhaps very few of them ever heard of the effusive notion of the military men to promote their leader to a position that had already been permanently outlawed in the Colonies. In after years the incident was too good a morsel to be overlooked in the extravagant eulogies of Washington.

But Washington was always prompt to squelch the wild-eyed ideas that were constantly cropping up. So, he denounced, rather than renounced, the crown which never would have been handed to him, anyway.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country," he wrote.

*Continued on page 71*



# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

WHEN the announcement flashed over the radio that Jay Alden Edkins had won the first prize of the Atwater Kent Foundation there came to me a thrilling remembrance. During the year and previous I had often met the young man with blue eyes and sturdy determination in the broadcasting studios and the New England Conservatory of Music, who calmly announced with a glacial glint in his eye that he was in training to win the Atwater Kent Prize A. D. 1931.

After I heard him sing I felt, as did many others, that here was a likely candidate for high honors. His earnestness in conversation was reflected on in his singing. For months, perhaps years, before I met him, he had but one thought and purpose in his mind and that was to win this prize. Friends everywhere joined in this psychic wave of hope. Day after day he trained on scales and dramatic expression, until he facetiously insisted that he could not even eat fish when he thought of the many scales he had traveled in training his vocal chords to respond to the innate feeling.

It was a great night in our family group around the radio when we heard the sonorous tones of a familiar voice ring out in "Il Lacerato Spirito" from Simon Boccanegra by Verdi. The judges in another room were listening in with the same intentness as his friends in Boston. When the announcement was made, one of the

award of five thousand dollars cash and two years at a Conservatory, or with private teachers.

With a modesty befitting his impressive personality Mr. Edkins received his congratulations with a significant remark, "My real work has just begun."

Jay Alden Edkins graduated from Somerville High School in 1926 and had difficulty in deciding which of his artistic talents he would follow. For during his school years, he had been discovered as having a "natural bass voice", and also was considered a "find" in the world of brush and palette.

While continuing with his vocal studies, he entered and was graduated from the Boston Art School, with honors, and today many of his works of art are found in schools, halls and private homes. But soon his strongest passion was to assert itself. His love for music, and his glorious voice were to dominate him. He began his studies under Mr. Arturo Vita, eminent Italian teacher, in New York and Boston. He entered the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Great strides were made, and in 1928 he won the North Shore district in the Atwater Kent auditions.

His wide range, his perfect pitch, his great beauty of tones mark him as one of the great musicians of the day. And in the opinion of critics, with a bit more study in his chosen field, which is opera, the world is bound to hear of Edkins in the great roles of operatic music.

It augurs well for recruiting the operatic stars from the boys and girls of the United States who have an inherent love of the art divine and are ready to make the sacrifices and give the years of study necessary for artistic triumphs.

What more glowing tribute to the plans of Mr. A. Atwater Kent in bringing together the young voices of America in these annual auditions. He has already achieved an objective he had in mind. In the roster of Atwater Kent prize winners will be found the names of many who owe much in their later success in the profession of music to the kindly interest of the man whose name will always be identified with the magical developments of this radio age.

IT is a distinction to be rated as a pioneer at the age of twenty-seven. Peter Dixon has won that honor as the author of one of the first comprehensive and complete books on radio writing. It is a book that scintillates with realities of the Radio.

Peter Dixon first broadcast his plaintive cry as a baby in Fort Erie, Canada. He was the son of a minister and the grandson of a minister and proved a regular minister's son. His early life was spent in Texas, where as a high school boy he studied a smattering of Latin which he now considers the most useful subject he had in school, although he did not think much of it at the time. Starting as a newspaper carrier-boy, evolving into a cub reporter, he embarked from the city news room as a mess boy on a tanker and had some rugged experience in a Canadian shipyard.

The fascination of the print shop was irresistible and his nineteenth birthday found him editor of a full-fledged daily in Yoakum in the Lone Star state. Moving about in the orbit defined by the oldtime tramp printer, he worked on newspapers from coast to coast. While city editor of the Tulsa, Okla., *World* he interviewed Miss Aline Berry, ingenue lead in a stock company. This determined his fate. After a regular old-fashioned courtship they were married and made their way to New York City. After taking a fling with the Shuberts as a publicity man, Peter Dixon made his debut as a radio actor in an adaptation of "The Man in the Iron Mask."

The skit "Raising Junior", a story inspired by their young son David, went on the air with Dixon and his wife as the only



Peter Dixon

judges added a significant phrase in his conclusion and comments, that "Edkins has the finest young voice I have ever heard in the country." This verdict carried an



Jay Alden Edkins

characters and determined his future with Radio. In 1928 he became associated with the National Broadcasting Company and has been a busy young man since that time,



indulging in his hobbies of sailing and carpentry.

As a builder his genius is reflected in the way he has built his book, "Radio Writing." It begins at the beginning. In a most fascinating way he has given a running continuity concerning the radio writing system, pointing out vividly the "specialist," the "soloist" and "taboos." There are pertinent suggestions as to learning the job of writing for the microphone, sound effects and dramatic continuity. In an especially interesting characterization of radio dialogue, he has given the object a "laboratory" treatment, and even pointed out the way to a market with a glowing prospect as to the possibilities of the future. The chapter on Television is especially timely. In fact, there does not seem to be a phase of radio activities that is not covered. The volume also includes the script from some noted radio programs, including his own popular success "Raising Junior."

Altogether Peter Dixon's pioneer "Radio Writing" promises to be a veritable textbook in the new and fascinating factor that has become an integral part of the home life of the world.

*My Story* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart) ought to be read by everyone. It is easy to understand now why her novels have had that touch which has made them universally loved. Her own life has been rich and full, and she has made it so. There were no elaborate beginnings.

I do not recall any book of Mrs. Rinehart's which is not absolutely *real*. Take the popular "Circular Staircase" for instance, or her recent novel, "The Door." It might easily have been our own experience, or that of a neighbor. There is no strain on credulity. And "My Story" is greater than them all. Here is a woman representing much that is the very finest and best in American life. And her days have been Exciting, Sorrowful, Gay—through some of the most dramatic times in history. Her story—and the story of a period.

Some day Beverley Nichols is going to write a truly great book. And one of the nicest things which can be said of *Women and Children Last* (Doubleday Doran) is that the day appears to be not far distant.

Like the two or three which have preceded it, this book manages to be pleasant and diverting, and parts of it are even memorable. For the most part, however, it is apt to be forgotten, even as the summer afternoon in which, it is presumed, the book is intended to be read.

Here is a young man still in his twenties, who is possessed with deep sensibility, a capacity for observation, and a real sense of humor. In less than ten years he is the author of a half-dozen books, has traveled several times around the world, was accompanist to Nellie Melba over period of more than a year in Australia, and for the past few years he has been a bona fide resident of these worlds which are Park Lane, the Riviera, Newport, Park Avenue, Palm Beach—and the Ritz Bar! And, in 1921, he was a cub reporter for the London

Daily Mail.

For a man, he has had severe handicaps, and yet he has handled himself very well. Unusually good looking, quite brilliant, and with exceptional qualities in the matter of interviewing and writing piquant things, America might easily have spoiled him.

However, it is now or never as far as his literary reputation is concerned, and a certain quality of impatience lurking in his latest collection of essays would seem to indicate that his next book will be a more



Beverley Nichols

serious effort—proving to be all that his friends believe that it will be.

*Testament of a Critic* by George Jean Nathan (Knopf) is an adventure in sesquipedalian verbiage. On this heterogeneous wild growth of words very successfully conceals the *real* testament of the author. However, his real testament, in all probability, would not be such entertaining reading.

Under the Chapter "Proverbs," the section devoted to "Men Without a Country" strikes a sincere and penetrating note. Here Nathan writes of those "expatriates" who find themselves living on a mythical "left bank," far from the Americanism of their youth, and who "still believe in the decency of American women and not in the prosecution and conviction of an honorable and intelligent mother who tells her children how to order their lives; that censorship motivated by corruption, political or individual, is not to be tolerated; that their House of Representatives is not a body of men which applauds the murder of a boy as being justified because he was driving a Ford alleged to have contained a case of beer; that the Monroe Doctrine is a policy of self-defense rather than aggression; and believing that the democracy of Jefferson, the humanity of Lincoln and the forthrightness of Cleveland now no longer exist."

But little of the book is in this serious vein, and if you do not mind stumbling over a profusion of unnecessarily flashy words it is very likely that, much as you may disagree with this hodge-podge of ideas and contemporary thought, this book will at least prove stimulating.

And Rufus King, who was to Yale what Nichols was to Oxford, has written another of his skillful detective novels, "Murder in the Willet Family" (Doubleday Doran). Making improbabilities seem quite plausible, the book is also an absorbing portrait of a family. And heartless as it seems there is a sense of almost genuine satisfaction in the murders which occur. Of course, after all, no one ever feels sorry for those who are murdered in detective stories. There is a mathematical purity about such demises. They are but digits in a problem.

It is likely that you will suspect the real perpetrator, but Rufus King cleverly removes that suspicion not to arouse it again until the last pages. It is one of the most readable mystery stories of the year.

Washington is a made-to-order town. It is a transient city, in so far as society goes. The official sets are constantly shifting. The student population, which is unusually large, alters every year. With three very large Universities, and numerous smaller colleges and private schools, the capital is very much a glorified College-town. At the same time, the glamour of its official population adds a quality to this big-town which is perhaps duplicated nowhere else in the world.

The beautiful marble buildings, the drives and innumerable parks, the trees—even on the business thoroughfares—combined with the emblazoned limousines of the nation's great, the crested cars of the foreign diplomats who are every day to be seen, at one time or another, in colorful uniforms. The great army of government clerks, who have come from all parts of the United States.

It is one of the strangest cities on earth, and all on who live here for any period of time Washington takes a strong hold. People come to "love" Washington in a way that few other cities do or could inspire.

Just a few months ago, the Traffic Department decided to permit "left turns" on Washington streets, to replace the strange system which has been in vogue for some time—that of "hiding in a corner" until the lights change, and then completing the left turn.

Little groups collected on the corners and watched with amusement the confusion which resulted during the first morning of the new system. Policemen sweated and managed to be surprisingly patient. It proved to be a great show. Something of the same sort of thing which first accompanied the innovation in New York that pedestrians could not cross Broadway against the lights during theatre rush hours. But the novelty has worn off here, and the left turns are being made with a minimum of collisions.

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# King Alfonso in His Exile Retreat

*Vivid description of the exiled Spanish King who is spending busy days at Fontainebleau with abiding affection for his native land in the weal and woes of Revolution.*

By NENA BELMONTE

Fontainebleau! It was late at night when I arrived there. The small railroad station was quiet, not a sound, hardly any lights... an atmosphere of mystery and romance... the black shadow of the great forest, magnificent in its immensity, made me feel small and insignificant.

In a cab we drove to the Hotel Savoy. A beautiful park surrounded the building that, with its lights and the stars above it, appeared in the darkness as a fantastic mansion.

The King was there! But where were all the ceremony, glamour and splendor that surrounded him when I last saw him two years before in the Royal Palace of Madrid? Where all the courtiers, guards, and friends!

A bell-boy, opening the door of the cab, stopped my reminiscences. We entered the Hotel. The lobby was deserted, with the exception of two Frenchmen who were quietly smoking their cigars. They regarded me and my mother suspiciously. Curiously, I inquired who they were.

"Secret police," I was told. "They are the guards of the King." I could not help shuddering, remembering the past, so different from the present.

The following morning, I went horseback riding. After galloping for hours through the marvelous forest of Fontainebleau... that forest without equal in the world, tired and thirsty, I sat on the terrace of the Hotel to drink something cool. An American lady, who also was staying there, joined me. We talked. She wanted to know about the States. I wanted to know about Spain—she had just been there.

Our talk was abruptly interrupted by the terrific sound of a motor car—a taxi—that shot through the gates of the Park and, with a dreadful noise of brakes, came to a sudden stop in front of the Hotel. Lazily and curious, I gazed to see who the newcomers were. Two men descended from the cab, their backs turned to us. They paid the chauffeur and then came toward the terrace. I saw their faces and immediately recognized the King, accompanied by his life-long friend and faithful Majordomo, the Duke of Miranda. Automatically, I got to my feet. The American lady looked at me, amused and curious. "Why?" her eyes seemed to ask. "Because it is he," I answered in my mind, "He, who for Spanish Monarchists, is everything in the world."

He looked older and tired. His expression was sad and absent. However, he had the bearing, the appearance of the King I had seen two years before. He noticed my

movement, looked at me, his eyes brightened and his smile—that smile so much his own—appeared once more on his face. I smiled, too. King Alfonso was still there—that smile had brought him back to me as I had last seen him.

He approached and extended his hand, a strong, virile, aristocratic hand. I shook

*This is the second of a series of three articles by Nena Belmonte, daughter of Maximo Llompart y Grullon and Teresa de la Figuera y de la Cerda, Marquis and Marquise de Belmonte de la Vega Real. From her mother's side Miss Belmonte, is a member of the family La Cerda, and so one of the direct descendants of Prince Fernando de La Cerda, eldest son of King Alfonso the X.*

*In her description of King Alfonso's retirement at Fontainebleau she vividly and sympathetically portrays the character and activities of the monarch who recently ruled Spain with the same scepter of authority that was formerly held by those of her own family blood.*

*An impressive phase of these articles is the lively good humor and altogether brilliant way in which the young author has given us a record of the transition from monarchial to republican rule in her own native Espagna.*

*The third of the sketches, in which she describes in detail the members of the Royal Family in exile and the loyal servants who consecrated their lives to the services of their King, will appear in the next issue of the National Magazine.*

it warmly. Immediately, he inquired, "How is your mother?" "Very well, Senor," I answered. "Give her my kindest regards, please," he replied.

Then he moved a step backward, put his feet together with a clicking of the heels, and lowering his head, saluted once more, the salute of a King, but above all the salute of a gentleman. After that, he was gone. "He is grand", I heard the American lady say. I gazed after him... she was right. He was grand!

As days went by and I watched the daily life of the Royal Family, I could not help but admire the way they had been able to adjust themselves to such a change of environment. They had the entire first floor

of the Hotel Savoy. The right wing was occupied by the Queen, the Prince of Asturias, the Infantas Dona Beatriz and Dona Cristina, and the Infante Don Gonzalo, the left wing by the King and the Infante Don Jaime. Staying with them all the time, living also in exile, were several friends. They occupied rooms both on the first and second floors. These rooms were very simple, not differing from the ones of the guests at the Hotel.

The billiard-room, a small one, had been arranged as a private dining room for them... a very modest one—just a table and chairs, the only luxury, flowers... flowers that continually arrived from all parts of the world. There was also a small sitting-room, a tiny little one, the furniture simple but nice... also full of flowers. There you could see the Mah Jong set of the Queen (she played it every night)... the bridge scores and cards of the King... his favorite candies, made of peppermint.

Their life? It is easy to describe. About noon, every one went out for a walk in the forest. Very often, while riding horseback, I met them in the bridle-path. After luncheon, the Queen went to the Golf Club... she plays a very good game. Generally, her son, Don Jaime, would accompany her. The Infantas either went out horseback riding or played tennis. The Prince of Asturias went for an automobile ride, a long one, about 100 kilometres... his dog, Pelucho, always lying on the running-board. Don Gonzalo, the youngest boy, went walking again, usually.

The King didn't go out until later. He would first take an automobile drive, and afterwards either walk in the forest or walk to the golf club. About seven o'clock, all the family would return, sometimes remaining in the lobby of the Hotel to drink a cocktail. Then dinner time arrived. After dressing, they would eat and, the meal over, would play bridge and Mah Jong. The Queen went to bed at eleven, the King never before twelve-thirty or one. And thus, one day after another, without changing, without seeing anybody but the people staying with them.

When I read in the papers about how King Alfonso was being blamed for instigating riots in Spain, I felt very angry. How could they blame that man who was leading such a solitary life and making the greatest sacrifice, refusing to see people, his own Spaniards, so that no one could accuse him of promoting revolts.

His constant companions were the Duke of Miranda and the Marques de Torres de Mendoza. Two charming gentlemen, noble



and brave who gave up everything to follow their king. There were very few people besides, at the Hotel. When he would come into a room, however, those few people, English, American or French, couldn't help getting to their feet in a simple gesture of sympathy. He acknowledged them all. He had a smile for everybody. There was a French lady staying there who had known King Alfonso for more than eighteen years. She wasn't rich; she wasn't great, but she was devoted to him. Several times I saw the King stop to shake her hand and say a word of kindness to her. The day before she left, she talked to me about him.

"Spain doesn't realize yet what she has lost", she said. "Le Roi! Oh, if French people could have him for ourselves, we would never let him go."

I shall never forget my first Sunday at Fontainebleau. We went to mass at the small Church of the village. When I entered the church, a very old one, full of remembrances of past glories, I saw the Royal Family. They were by themselves, right in front of the altar, in a special place arranged for them. A gesture of the French people, a gesture of respect towards the exiled King, who for them would always be "Le Roi de l'Espagne." The mass over, they went out; the people rushed to see them go. When their cars passed by, the multitude cheered... a republican multitude!

I went to visit the famous chateau... a magnificent and imposing building... All the things were kept there as in the days of the Emperors of France, but it was cold, empty... something was missing. There were several people visiting it, at the same time we were there. A little boy of eight, accompanied by his mother, was dressed in clothes that we often see in the pictures of the French revolution. He carried a wooden sword, and had red spots on his shirt. Going through the Royal chambers, I heard him say, "Mother, where is the King?" The mother looked at him, and then, noticing me, she answered as if trying to hurt my feelings: "The King is dead, and all this is ours... it belongs to the people."

The boy wanted to touch something, but he was immediately stopped by his mother. "Why can't I touch it if it's ours?" he inquired, in surprise. The poor mother did not know what to say. She looked at me and I couldn't help smiling at her embarrassment. Quickly she took the boy away. I thought of the words the child had said. They portrayed perfectly what a Republic in a country that used to be a Monarchy represents. The leaders of the revolution promise everything to the populace that will help them succeed. Once they are in power, those promises are never kept. They can't be!

I knew King Alfonso had been there a few days before; probably he had thought of his Royal Palace of Madrid where very soon similar scenes would take place. When I left the Chateau, I was depressed. Palaces where Kings once had lived could never be museums. There is something, some strange

atmosphere in them, that reminds one of death... an emptiness, solitude, reminder of ingratitude.

Life went on at Fontainebleau, with its unchangeable routine. One afternoon coming back from a long ride, I found my American friend very much amused. I begged her to tell me what had happened.

"Nothing much-" she explained - "just that the King was lost in the forest."

"What!" I exclaimed - "That's ridiculous... You're joking, I'm sure..."

"No, my dear" she asserted, laughing - "I'll tell you. It seems that His Majesty went out driving in the early afternoon. Somewhere in the woods, he got out of the car and ordered the chauffeur to wait ten kilometres down the road. He wanted to walk that distance. The chauffeur obeyed. It started raining, and he waited an hour... two hours... Then, believing the King might have gone back to the Hotel, he returned here. But he was told that the King had not arrived. You can imagine how everyone was feeling. In desperation, the chauffeur went back to the forest, but found no trace of Don Alfonso. He couldn't find him. During his absence, the King had come back quietly, walking through the gates of the Park and soaking wet. "I was lost in the forest, and couldn't find my way" he explained, "It started raining, and I asked a lift of the first car that passed by. An awfully nice man gave me a ride back to the Hotel."

The day of the Royal Silver Wedding arrived. The King had officially said he did not want any presents or manifestations. It was a sad date for them. However, early in the morning, flowers began to arrive... roses, carnations, lilies, peonies... the colors red and yellow predominating in all of them... the colors of the Spanish Royal Flag.

The only thing out of the ordinary routine of the daily life was the benediction given to the Queen and the King in the little chapel arranged at one of the rooms of the Hotel.

Three young girls, dressed up in their best Sunday dresses, representing the town of Fontainebleau, came to pay homage to the Royal Family.

"We adore them", they said, in answer to my question, "They are so kind and good."

At my request, they explained more. "A committee was formed and a subscription started to give them a present... not worthy of them, but still a simple proof of our love and sympathy."

"What was the present?" I inquired.

"Oh for the Queen, a vase with gold and brass, bearing an inscription which said: 'To their Majesties, the King and Queen of Spain - 31st May, 1931'."

"And for the King?" I asked, curiously.

"For him a rare book printed in 1625, called 'Instruction du Roi en l'exercice de monter a cheval' from Pluvinel of Paris. We also brought the names of the subscribers in a magnificent album, ornamented by a scene of a hunt done by our painter of Fontainebleau, Paul Tavernier..."

"And also flowers, red and yellow roses..."

their Spanish colors", added the youngest of the three, a charming little girl. "They liked it all very much. Oh, they were so sweet. Both the Queen and the King... Ils sont tres charmant!"

That afternoon when the Queen came back from a long ride, I was in the lobby. I got up and kissed her hand. She looked tired and sad... all alone... she who had done so much for the Spanish people!

At night, after dinner, when they mounted the stairs to go to their rooms, I looked at them with sympathy. The manager of the Hotel was near me. He looked up at the King and started talking to me; "You know, Miss Nena"- he said - "there is the man that for the first time in my life made me cry like a child. When he thanked me for the flowers we sent him today, he said something that made my throat feel funny. Oh!" he added, after a pause, "You Spaniards are too lucky to have him for your King!"

We were leaving Fontainebleau the following morning... A young American girl, a very good friend of mine, just landed from the States, came to spend the afternoon at Fontainebleau. I was very glad to see her... She was bringing to me some of the life, the spirit which only America has... She looked at the place in surprise.

"Why", she said, "this is lovely, but so simple for a King. Does he actually live like that?" Her amazement was even greater when she saw the little dining-room and the sitting-room where the Royal Family had their meals and spent their evenings, "It's incredible", she repeated, "and so sad."

She saw the Queen going out... smiling... kind... When she left, she was very much impressed. She couldn't avoid feeling the influence of the tragic atmosphere at Fontainebleau.

That evening, we were sitting with some friends, having cocktails, when the King came in. We all stood. He approached.

"Good-bye, 'Senor', we said. He shook our hands warmly. "Good-bye", he answered, "and bon voyage... Hope that when we meet again it will be in happier circumstances..." He moved a step backward, as if ready to go, then approaching once more, he said to Mother: "And, to your son, my kindest regards. Tell him to go on working as a man... a man worthy of Spain..."

Then he left. I gazed at him, already climbing the stairs to the first floor. Once more, a smile lightened his face... That's the last picture I kept of him...

When, several days later, the boat taking me back to the States was pulling away from the coast of France, I gazed back there and thought of all the things I had heard and had seen... My heart felt a pang of pain... The dream was over... Spain was a Republic and the King lived in exile!

Don Alfonso! King of the hearts of the many people that he once helped during the Great War...

Don Alfonso! A King without a country... But always a King who smiles!



# David Lynn, The Architect of the Capitol

*A chat with the seventh succeeding architect in charge of the stately structure with the giant dome at Washington—Concerning the new Supreme Court Building where symbolic lines give a keynote portrayal of the characteristics of true citizenship*

WHETHER in cherry blossom time of the budding spring or amid the golden autumn foliage of the tree lined streets the charm of Washington, D. C. is irresistible. Other cities have their personalities, their appeal to the interest, but Washington alone seems to clothe itself with that supreme dignity so fitting to a capitol of a great nation. Even the interesting hub and wheel pattern of its beautiful avenues and streets, radiating from the imposing dome of the Capitol as the center, brings a strange nearness to the dreams of the little group of colonists who planned a city that should some day rival the world in beauty.

Not all their plans have gone forth as originally conceived. For instance, it was expected that the city would grow eastward from the Capitol, which was fronted in that direction. Instead, the city spread westward in answer to the unexplainable trend of all cities to grow toward the setting sun, unless natural barriers forbid.

The Hoover building program, recently inaugurated by an Act of Congress under the pressure of relieving unemployment, provides for the erection of more than sixteen hundred public buildings throughout America within the next two years. It is Washington's opportunity to advance its building program fifty years at a single stroke.

A talk with David Lynn, Architect of the Capitol, reveals a comprehensive program of development for what is known as the Capitol Hill group—that center around the imposing dome of the Capitol.

Enlarging the Capitol grounds is an important corollary to these building projects. Sixty acres of adjacent property have been

added to the fifty-eight acres that made up the old setting, presenting a magnificent gateway, with an awe-inspiring vista to visitors upon stepping from the train at the Union Station Plaza. The old Botanic Garden, one of the first projects of President Washington will be moved to another location, and the spot will mark Union Square, the start of the beautiful mall which will extend from the Capitol straight through to the Lincoln Memorial and Arlington Bridge, two miles away.

Extensive additions to the present Senate Office Building and a new House Office Building are included in the Capitol group program to provide additional room for private offices for all congressmen instead of committee men as formerly. The Senate Office addition will also have the effect of facing the building around so that it may serve as an imposing entrance to the grounds.

An annex building and addition to the Library of Congress will be provided for taking care of the fast growing book shelves of the nation. When built in 1897 the Library provided storage for 2,500,000 volumes. Additional book stacks were erected in the courtyards from time to time to the extent that 4,000,000 books are housed at the present time, with rapidly increasing collections. The entire site of the Library of Congress with additions will cover nearly four acres. A much needed innovation is in the form of a special treasure room for the storage of rare books now in the collection. Provision is made to insure the preservation of 150,000 such books by suitable air conditioning, as well as ample protection from fire and theft.

The magnificent new Supreme Court



David Lynn  
Architect of the Capitol

Building, also under construction, will share outstanding interest with the Capitol and the White House. These three pivots on which revolve the administrative, legislative, and judicial branches of the government, have always been real focusing points for the tourist.

The Supreme Court for years has met in the narrow, cramped quarters of the Capitol building. Through small swinging doors the public stepped into the hushed chambers for a glimpse of the Wheel of Justice slowly grinding out its grist, and the need for better and more commodious quarters impressed itself on every side. It was Chief Justice William Howard Taft who first proposed and sought an appropriation for a suitable Supreme Court Building. Even the decision to request the edifice was not unanimous among the famous judges and was carried only by a typical five to four decision.

The new \$9,000,000 building will be in strange contrast to the little room now used by the Marshal of the U. S. Supreme Court, where the Supreme Court convened on February 4, 1801, with John Marshall of Virginia as Chief Justice. Later, when a new Senate wing was built on the Capitol in 1860 the court was moved to the old-



Exterior of the new U. S. Supreme Court Building in Washington



Main Hall

Senate Chamber, which it has occupied up to the present time.

The new and imposing edifice is a creation of Cass Gilbert, of New York, and was designed to combine utility and convenience with beauty and dignity. It follows a classic type, with Corinthian style as the basis. There is a subtle touch of appropriateness in the fact that its motif is strictly "on the square," which is as it should be in the house of justice. Four large square courtyards within the walls furnish light and air for the interior of the building. The central section, four stories high, is given over to an impressive room, with justices' offices, conference rooms, and offices in adjacent wings. The court room will be sixty-four feet square, with a thirty foot ceiling, and is about sixty per cent larger than the present court room. Provision is made for the Justices to pass to the offices of other justices, or to the main court room without passing through public corridors, and private elevators and stairs give the same privacy in entering or leaving the building. Modern conditioned air systems insure comfort and health to the occupants at all time.



Supreme Court Room

It will not be elaborate in the usual sense of the word, but consists of a careful massing of appropriate design giving its monumental properties.

The Architect of the Capitol is one of the few important offices appointed by the President without necessary confirmation of Congress. Seven Architects of the Capitol have spanned the entire time since the Capitol was first built—a record only equalled by the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, who total eight in the same period of time.

William Thornton, the first Architect of the Capitol, (1793-1802) was followed in 1803 by Benjamin Henry Latrobe, who added the House wings.

Charles Bulfinch succeeded Latrobe in 1818 and carried out Latrobe's plans, contributing his own individuality to the central portion of the building.

Thomas U. Walter took up the work as Architect of the Capitol and under his administration (1851-1865) the two wings for the House and Senate chambers were added to the Capitol and the dome was completed. When the head was affixed to the statue of Freedom at the apex of the dome, at 12 o'clock on December 2, 1802, a national salute of thirty-five guns was fired.

Edward Clark became Architect of the Capitol in 1865 and continued until his death in 1902—a span of fifty-one years.

He was followed by Elliott Woods who served as his assistant, and Mr. Woods carried on the work until his death in 1923, when David Lynn, the present Architect of the Capitol, who had served under Mr.



The Capitol during a Snow Storm

Woods for twenty years, was appointed by President Coolidge.

Mr. Lynn has had the responsibility of the greatest period of development yet known to the Capitol group. To him, as to all those who have gone before, the great Capitol, the Senate and House Office buildings and the Library of Congress are as children who need the constant watchfulness of a proud parent. The new Supreme Court Building is just one more addition to a happy family.

WASHINGTON, the nation's capital, is essentially provincial. It is not the metropolis, such as are the capitals of the Old World. There is practically no manufacturing, and almost no business save the business of government. There is no National Opera House—such as the Paris Opera, or Convent Garden in London. When grand opera comes to America's capital it is only for two or three days, and its performances are given in a large, palatial motion-picture theatre. There are only two theatres where stage plays are presented, and these two theatres are dark half of the year.



Conference Room



# Walter Scott's Way of Helping Others

*The busy merchant of New York who has made his benefactions to the Brotherhood of Man on the Robert Burns plan - Keeping always in mind - Children first.*

FAR up in his fishing camp in the Maine woods or in the business marts of Broadway, Colonel Walter Scott of New York enjoys a contact with nature and human nature that seems to give him that understanding of the affairs of life that has been characteristic of his eventful career.

As an executive of the great mercantile firm of Butler Brothers, he still exercises the same sturdy Scotch traditions of integrity and honor as the only basis of good will in all relations of humankind.

While born in Montreal, December 22, 1861, one would have to go far to find a more typical and intense American citizen than this son of a native of Berwick-on-Tweed in the south of Scotland whose mother was a Stuart of Appin.

In his office in New York is the sample of a china plate that he purchased when sent abroad to buy merchandise for his firm. This was his first venture in that field and they thought him extravagant, but the purchase proved a popular line and established the soundness of his judgment in merchandising. On the walls is a remarkable tribute to his namesake, Sir Walter Scott; while on the table is a huge teapot that was utilized in advertising in the early days. In his office too is the original decanter from which Burns drank in the convivial days of Ayrshire when he was writing immortal classics. A bronze statue of Robert Burns and a bust of Robert Louis Stevenson keep him company.

In his ceaseless work on behalf of his beloved organization of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, Colonel Scott's services have been outstanding. Having filled almost every office from Royal Chief, he continues as a life member of the executive council. An important Scottish gathering held anywhere in the country would not seem complete without the presence of the genial Walter Scott. A member of the St. Andrews Society, New York, and nearly every Scottish society in the United States, The Burns Club and Royal Scottish Corporation of London, a life member of the Burns Club of Dumfries, an honorary member of the Greenock Burns Club (instituted in 1801), and the Irvine Burns Club (instituted in 1826), he helps to set the watch and not let the tried and tested traditions fail.

There are scores of organizations in which he has taken a real active interest; but his chief delight is the Walter Scott School for Crippled Children at 55 W. 68th Street, New York, which has also provided a summer home at Claverack, New York, where crippled children of the poor, regardless of race, creed or color are cared

for and given a three months' vacation in the country. Colonel Scott has not only contributed generously to this work, but visits greet him with the tender devotion of a beloved father.



Colonel Walter Scott

It was natural to expect Walter Scott, the children frequently and they always Colonel of the New York Scottish Organization, to render service during the World War that won him the Legion of Honor of France, the order of Leopold of Belgium and the Grand Silver Cross of Austria. It is said that he has probably awarded more medals and prizes for valor and courage in police departments than any other one private citizen.

At the age of twelve years he managed a fruit store near Harvard College for a friend of the family and he recalls with great pleasure a very distinguished gentleman who called each day and personally selected the choicest fruit. Subsequently he learned his eminent customer was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The great American poet was interested in the earnest young man who was ever ready to serve him, and as a mark of confidence allowed him to select the items on his list each morning.

Beginning his business career in Boston at the age of fifteen with Butler Brothers, he was one of the pioneers in a business which afterwards originated the

five and ten cent counter business, providing general and variety store supplies to stores all over the country. The fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the firm, which he has seen grow from small beginnings to one of the largest mercantile establishments in the country, was recently celebrated with tributes and honors well deserved.

His only daughter, Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, has proved a worthy follower in her father's footsteps in her philanthropic work and writings. Her deep interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution, in which she is now Librarian General, has continued for the past fifteen years. As chairman of the national finance committee she was successful in raising one and one-quarter million dollars for Constitution Hall, one of the monumental buildings in the Capitol City of Washington.

The record of his civic work includes preserving the home of Robert Louis Stevenson in Saranac Lake, New York, where the distinguished author wrote some of his well known books while battling for his life and health in the mountains of the America he loved.

Altogether his life career is an inspiration, indicating how a young man devoted to ideals and diligent in business had found time, even in the busiest days, to give himself as well as a tithe of his earnings to work that concerns the welfare of others. Carrying out the ideals of Robert Burns of the brotherhood of man and the kith and kinship of humankind, he has acquired a rare wealth of personal friends from the lowliest to presidents of the United States.

A lover of books, I think Colonel Scott has given more handsome books to friends than anyone I know. While he has his favorites among the Scottish authors, he has given wholesome books a boost in every way, through remembering his friends. The love of good literature that is innate in the heart of a true son of Scotia has found in Walter Scott a crusader who carries out his altruistic ideals in a practical manner, enabling him to share his joys and inspirations with others.

At a luncheon given to Colonel Walter Scott on the occasion of his recent birthday, greetings were received from President Hoover, ex-President Coolidge, General Charles P. Summerall, General William Weigel, General Robert Lee Bullard and Governor James Rolph, Jr. of California. The Daughters of Scotia sent seventy roses. Tributes were also received from the Order of Scottish Clans and the Walter Scott School for Crippled Children.

It was an impressive moment when the genial Colonel was presented a handsome



# Colorful Career of Levon West, Etcher

*The stirring story of the young American etcher, born on the prairies of Dakota, making his way to merited and well-earned fame as one of the world's greatest etchers.*

By THE EDITOR

**H**OW fascinating it is to find our prophecies sometimes fulfilled. Years ago I received a letter every week from a young lad in the west. They evoked a prophecy for he had a way of expressing himself that made me feel interested and predict a future for him. His ambition to become a great artist seemed to have the sort of expression that suggested the background of an achieving personality. When I discovered that he was, through his mother, related to the family of Benjamin West, the first great American artist and second president of the Royal Academy, I felt that there should be heredity confirmation. Signing himself Levon West, I was further interested genealogically, for "Levon" was the name of a great king of Armenia, and Levon West might also have the artistic impulse of ancient Armenia transmitted through the genesis and mingling of human races.

An early penchant for painting portraits of celebrities was observed in the lad busy with pencil and brush that foreshadowed an artistic career.

Early in life his father set before him in his bedroom reproductions of the etchings of the old masters, Rembrandt and Van

Dyke, and encouraged the lad to copy and study the work of the masters, giving him an understanding of the true line and the art of eternal qualities.

On the third day of the second month of the century, February 3, 1900, Levon West was born in Centerville, South Dakota, and proved a regular boy. Attending the University of Minnesota he continued his art ambitions and made his busy pen and pencil a source of income with which to complete his college course. In his senior year he came to Boston to see me, following up our years of correspondence, intending to continue his studies at Harvard. On his arrival I was about to leave for Spain and suggested that he go with me. Already he had met the late Joseph Pennell, who urged

him to take up the study of etching. While he realized that etching was the most involved and difficult method of graphic expression—young West did not forget that Rembrandt was first an etcher.

One of his first completed efforts on copper was a portrait of Joseph Pennell which is an interesting tribute by Levon West in his development as an etcher.

When in Spain he met Zuloaga in his studio and home at Zumaya. In the witching moonlight after looking at one of his etchings which he had brought with him from America, and said, "You have the true line.—Go on!" These few words were encouraging.

Upon his return to the United States Mr. West illustrated my book, "Vivid Spain," which reflected the scope of his genius. These etchings were made under all sorts of obstacles, but it encouraged his friends even then to herald

him as the coming famous etcher of his time.

His genius developed rapidly, for he had the virility and enthusiasm which led him far afield to lay a broad foundation for life work. It was at times a tedious and discouraging battle, but Levon West persisted. The etching of Lindberg and of the Lindbergh flight published in the New York Times, following the etchings from the book "Vivid Spain" which had previously appeared in the Times Magazine Supplement. The work attracted the attention of the lovers of art and etchings all over the country. The Kennedy Gallery, a rendezvous of lovers of art, asked him to make an exhibit which attracted buyers of etchings from all parts of the world.

Early success did not turn the head of Levon West. Continuing his work with intensity. Mr. West made trips far afield to



Levon West with his Sketch Book in Spain

gather material. In Glacier Park he made the first impressive etchings of mountains ever exhibited. There is a feeling and atmosphere in every subject which he undertakes, varied as they have been.

London publishers included in the series of volumes devoted to the work of Rembrandt and Whistler and other world-famous etchers, a book of West's etchings, which indicated that this young American artist had followed his distinguished forbear in winning the artistic plaudits of old England. Out of the twenty-four volumes in this series of etchings, only two are of the work of Americans.

There is a wide range in the subject chosen by Mr. West, including scenes in Florida, and Havana, on to Hudson Bay of the north. He visited these regions in order to get the true line as well as atmosphere in his interpretations.

At his studio in New York art lovers from all parts of the world foregather, for now his fame is thoroughly established in a volume containing many of the etchings which have found a popular sale.

There was the usual traveler go-glint in his eye when he left last year for Venice, determined to enter that haven of art with the same enthusiasm that has characterized his first work in the wheat fields of the northwest. The result is a series of etchings that have evoked the enthusiastic praise of art critics of the New York Times, the Art News, the New York Herald and many newspapers and periodicals throughout the world.

His seven etchings of Venice when exhibited in New York brought a chorus of appreciation from art lovers that must have been gratifying. It revealed not only the versatile genius of the world-famous young etcher, but bore the impress of sincerity and individuality that has won an appreciation of his etchings beyond the prescribed circle of art lovers. Levon West's work is the product of an unspoiled devotee of art who has radiated the feeling of distant scenes with the faithful accuracy of line and shading and a sweep inspiring an individual conception that makes one feel a part of the picture so impressively presented by the steel point on copper directed by the genius of Levon West.

The Venetian etchings include the famous "Dark Doorway," that seems to make one feel he is actually there, gazing upon the incomparable skies, placid water of the canal, and the lights and shadows of the historic structures that have allured artists for centuries past.

Corroborating these tributes of the critics, the visitor at an exhibition of Levon West's work feels that he is looking upon the work of a master. A catalogue of his work is a remarkable revelation of the ever-widening horizon of Levon West in his chosen art. It reveals an earnest interpretation of nature and human nature with the symphony of sunlight and shadow and moss-grown structures, the living waters, placid or turbulent waves, towering peaks and smiling valleys, not forgetting the companionable dog, the moose and wild game of the forest.

In his studio at work with ink-smeared

hands and smock, he follows his productions to the completed proof with a fidelity of purpose that is reflected in his etchings. Every shade and line means much to him as he proceeds after the individual impression is made of each etching, suggesting that Levon West in all his later triumphs has not drifted away from the foundation of faithful earnest effort and the eternal verities of his art.

This Criticism from the *NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE* is most illuminative.

In a print exhibition we have the pleasure of watching a capable artist in transition. It is Levon West, whose etchings are set forth at full length at the Kennedy gallery, with a Venetian set of seven plates that he has but recently produced. From the beginning he has recalled certain of his seniors, like Hayen, Cameron, Whistler and McBey. At first blush the Venice set seems palpably Whistlerian. But we have been at the pains to compare it directly with things of Whistler's and McBey's and we have been struck by the original qualities that the process leaves Mr. West. We have noted particularly the firmness of his line, previously well demonstrated in his Western subjects, his wild fowl prints and so on, but at Venice he would appear to have had a new gust of energy and to have handled his instrument with unwonted authority. The "Toward Venice" is a charming achievement. So is the "Venetian Corner". The

exhibition as a whole is full of ability—and beauty. We understand that Mr. West is a young man. To have accomplished already what is shown on this occasion is to give assurances of a career.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

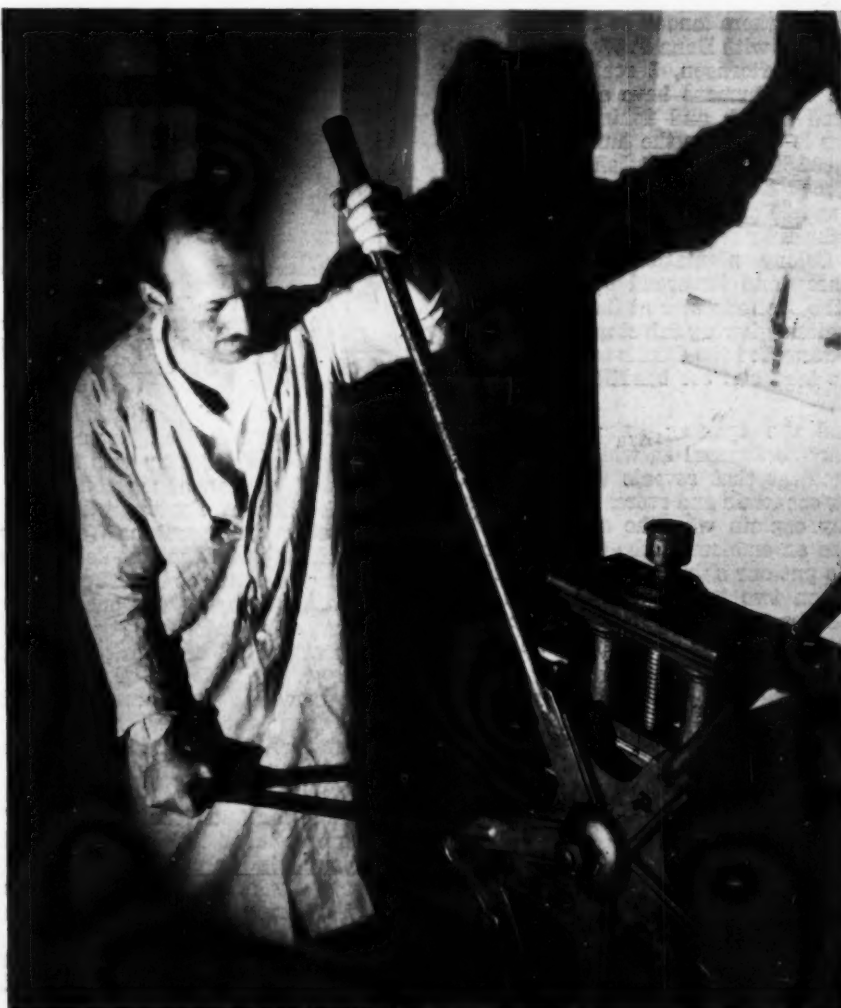
This is from the *NEW YORK TIMES*.

Seven new etchings made by Levon West last Summer in Venice are on view at the Kennedy Galleries. Hitherto this artist has sought his material chiefly in the open spaces of our American Far West. But nearly all etchers, at one stage or another of their careers, go to Venice. Sometimes the visit is profitable, again it might better not have been paid. In the case of Levon West congratulations only are in order. He has brought back some fine plates.

These plates are full of sentiment, but not sentimental. The artist has chosen interesting themes, but has not overloaded them with picturesque readings. In tone they are rich and deep, with an abundance of "color", produced by a dramatic harmony of strong darks and lights. Particularly effective are "Venetian Corner", "Dark Doorway", "After Vespers", and "Peddlers."

Best of all, Mr. West has made etchings that are strictly his own. Striving to remember precisely the "look" of certain Venice plates by other etchers—Cameron, for example, and McBey, Whistler and S. M. Litten—one may have the feeling that West has followed hallowed precedent. But if Venetian

Continued on page 64



Levon West at his Etching Press



# Fish -- And the World Feasts With You

*A startling revelation concerning a primary vocation of the inhabitants of the earth who have through the ages made fishing a pursuit and pastime supreme.*

**T**HERE is an economic phase in the continuous exploitation of the Arctic regions that is associated with the fishing industry. This may have something to do with the age-old impulse to explore sources of food supplies. Lindbergh's recent flight covered a part of this Arctic expanse under the direct magnetic influence of the mysterious lure of the North Pole. Over 4,000,000 square miles in the Arctic Ocean represent an area of food supply of gigantic dimensions. There are seventeen hundred varieties of fish in the sea, but only a small proportion is marketed as edible. The pathway of exploration heretofore has been largely blazed by the fisherman—the same calling that has figured so conspicuously in Holy Writ from the days of the Master of Galilee. Adventurous fishermen were already living and earning a livelihood on the western hemisphere centuries before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth.

In a chat with Dana F. Ward at the Fish Pier one afternoon, I realized as never before why humans have always been interested in fish and fishing. Interest in fishing is as old as the human race. The 3,000,000,000 pounds of fish marketed per year play a very important part in the food supply of the United States.

In the early records of the New England Bay Colony plantation Governor John Winthrop and Reverend Francis Higginson, the first minister at Salem, sent back to England glowing fish stories before they fully described the details of the resources of the land and the beauties of the landscape.

Read the opening lines of Governor Winthrop's Journal in which is recorded an incident that reveals the intense interest, economic and recreative, in fishing. It may explain why the sacred cod has become an emblem of the old Bay State.

"We put our ship in stays, and took, in less than two hours, with a few hooks, sixty-seven codfish, most of them very great fish, some a yard and a half long and a yard in compass."

A biographic survey reveals that this same interest in fish and fishing persisted with many of the Colonial governors and even Presidents of the United States, continuing on down to the days of President Cleveland, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover who have frankly admitted that their favorite pastime was fishing.

The fisherman in earlier times seemed to be a privileged man. In Colonial days the fisherman was relieved of military duty and payment of taxes. In Holland a toll collected from every one passing on the Royal avenue was waived for the fisherman as he passed by. The English Navy was originally recruited largely

from sturdy fishermen along the coast. The prowess of the American Navy in the days of John Paul Jones was largely because the personnel knew how to handle fish nets as well as man the ship.

The subject of fisheries has also been the theme of many an acute and critical international congress.

Mr. Dana F. Ward of Boston has for many years been identified with the trade until the Ward Fisheries, Inc., are con-



**Mr. Dana Ward**  
An authority in the Fish Industry  
sidered about the last word on the subject of the popular edible fish on the market.

Like flowers, each fish seems to have its season and I arrived just at the time when the Fourth of July was to be celebrated with salmon and green peas. On the Fish Pier at Boston, which is the largest in the country, Dana Ward pointed out a salmon from the Pacific Coast and one from the Atlantic—for here the salmon twain were met. The specification—"Eastern" or "Western"—plays a part on the quotations of the market. Fringing the pier were the forest of masts of the schooners which had brought in their cargoes from the Grand Banks off the Newfoundland Coast and Georges Banks which are only 190 miles from Boston. These banks still remain the happy hunting ground for American fishermen of today, as they have for many generations of fishermen in the past. Year after year, even century after century, the sturdy folk in slickers and "northeasters" have continued their vocation.

An area of 35,000,000 sq. miles constitutes the Atlantic Ocean, while the giant Pacific covers about twice that area and the shelves of the deep oceans are still being explored. This is the great source

of fish supply, aside from the Great Lakes, rivers and streams that add a generous quota to the sum total of subsistence that fish have offered humankind, but we have yet to sound all the resources of Arctic fishing grounds.

When Mr. Ward began thirty-one years ago in the fish business he established his avocation as well as vocation. A library of books pertaining entirely to the subjects of fish and fishing has enabled him to keep posted on everything concerning fishing. On his desk were fifty or more periodicals that deal entirely with the subject of fishing, covering a range as wide as the world itself.

There is something fascinating in the mere mention of fishing, whether it be in the deep seas, rivers, pools, or in the bubbling brooks, that captivates the imagination. A picture or an experience of the tang of the invigorating salt sea breezes would not be complete without a reference to fish.

If it were possible to have all the fishermen from all over the world assemble in one place at one time what an inspiring spectacle it would present if they could tell their own fish stories. From the very centers of civilization to the farthest remote points, the fishermen in a humble way continue their piscatorial pursuits and feed the world, not only with fish, but regale their adventures which have made fishing a popular pastime. The banksmen of the deep sea fisheries and the boy with his pin hook simple rod and line have something in common. The exhilaration of catching a fish remains one of the popular sports that are more dreamed about than realized. In casting a line into the mysteries of the waters and gambling with the chances of landing a fish is a thrill equal to a horse race or a throw of the dice.

The finny tribe, whether wearing scales or not, remain the object of pursuit until we find the scales of a well-balanced diet determined by the quantity of fish consumed. From the humble herring, of which the brook trout is a glorified relation, on to the plebeian shrimp and the aristocratic crustacean broiled lobster—there is a something akin to human interest when "fish" are mentioned.

In the somber and melancholy splendors of Alaska, I witnessed the tremendous scope and volume of salmon fishing. There one begins to understand the wide scope of food values coming from the water. In the shadows of unnamed mountains and streams, I discussed with the late President Harding on that last tragic cruise the question whether the red or the pink salmon was of more value. The ruddy color has been so long associated

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# The Varied Types of Heroism

*A truly heroic leader of modern times is pictured by an enthusiastic authoress and dramatist who tells the why and wherefore of her steadfast allegiance to the President.*

By RITA COLLYER

*"Come take up your hats, and let us haste  
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshoppers feast;  
The Trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,  
And the revels are now only waiting for you."*

From William Roscoe's  
"The Butterfly's Ball"

AS a nation how we love the spectacular—How we love to follow the trumpeter Gadfly—when he calls—"Come on"—Gay bright colors,—how we rejoice in the flambeau—and the lordly feast for the conquering hero. Take not one bit of glory away from the popular hero—what thousands dreamed of—he alone accomplished! Sometimes we have been fooled and followed the piper to find it was only a cicada—but a noise, and how hollow the sound!

In all heroism there is the same characteristic—persistency—and the self trust—which is the very essence of heroism—he dared! he dared! Think of it, he risked everything—he dared and accomplished! What made him? The state of his soul at war and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood. Some one said it could not be done, that showed him the desire of having it done—he had the vision and was true to it.

Politicians have had leaders so skillful in disguising personal gains—with cure-alls for everybody when they as the Germans would put it "put a little honey around the mouth" and they had their success, sometimes at the cost of many. Military heroism has swept men into the White House and that too had its place.

Each President had his heroism and served. Each seemed to be the right man for the time. It may be—

*"There is a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them, as we will"*

Shakespeare.

—for there is no accident with God"—

We had a chance to elect a man whose past achievements made him the world's great humanitarian. A trained business man—the world's greatest engineer—we knew—"that when nations would not trust one another they trusted Herbert Hoover"—And so after a struggle we succeeded in placing him in the greatest office we had to offer—the greatest honor this country can bestow—the President of these United States.

We needed him—we saw in him the Highest Truest Heroism—the military attitude of his soul against the evils working to undermine this government. He's been true to that trust—he dares be true

to the people. He refuses to be misrepresented—he demands and gives facts—not wise cracks—he has the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents and not budge one jot—he's like a rock—Hard? No, rather kind and solid.

A rock may look hard from the distance—but as shelter from the blistering sun or a devastating storm—how kind and grateful we are for its solidity.

There were a great many complaints after President Hoover's message to the 72nd Congress—and especially political complaints from our opponents—that, "President Hoover lacks leadership." Do we want to be lead around by the nose—We know that 'a horse can be lead to water but one cannot make him drink.'—

All of the messages from President Hoover are splendid documents—good reading matter—and profound truths—He uses plain words—he tells us the facts—the situation, we, nay the whole world is in—we are in better condition than most nations of the world.—

Go back for a moment to our school days or to our mother's teaching—did teacher and mother do things for us or did they explain and let us do them—and which way was the best?—

President Hoover represents us—at the head of a government, by the people, for the people—we sometimes forget that. He can counsel—advise and help us, which he is doing with every bit of strength he has—but he cannot act for us. We send men to Congress to do that and President Hoover has asked them to co-operate—to save grave situations.

We don't like that old-fashioned word, Duty. We as a nation are spoiled children—we have had, even those of small incomes—undreamed of luxuries, in our grandfather's day. We are constantly demanding more and more—of everything.—Do we stop to think that the average family in any other country hasn't got a car, a radio, a telephone—it is a fact—We've had too much cake, we have got to think of spinach.—The Expert of Economics has suggested to us—(we who honored him so much) how we should solve these problems. With the greatest trust in us. He has told us quietly plain facts—but with the greatest dignity.

We think we are having hard times—history proves this is but a cloudy day, compared to what our nation has fought through.—Even now in English speaking countries people are smashing each other's heads in common brawls—forgetting self respect—blaming each other for the hard times. Leaders in places are shouting do

this—or do that—with no thought as to results.

Some of our people looked to President Hoover as to a magician and expected him to wave a rod and keep things easy.—They refuse to acknowledge that untrue false values all over the world has brought about a situation which requires great economy and care in what we may do.—We have got to do more than think and talk success—**WE HAVE GOT TO ACT—STAND BY OUR PRESIDENT** and overcome the conditions that are bad.

Astrologers call this the Pivot age—Science acknowledges that it is an age of great changes—in the physical aspect of the world—and wise thinkers tell us that effects the mental attitude—we know that we climbed in this country up into a mechanical age—and the mineral qualities have crept into our souls—we need a certain amount of it—but I beg to remind you metals must be tempered into white heat—before they are useful.

All through history the men who helped the world the most have been the greatest leaders—they have been the most simple of men—but they fought for *Truth*.

With all the new things under the sun—the sun has not changed—nor has man's character.

Some months ago President Hoover gave an address in which he made this statement:—"We are facing—the possibility that respect for law is fading from the sensibilities of our people—I ask only—that you support—the one force that holds our civilization together—law!" That is common sense and plain dealing and the truest heroism.

This is nothing so astounding as common sense and plain dealing—plain duty—is commonplace—like a great painting it must be shown in the proper light and then is there anything more glorious than plain simple duty—well done!

How many of you know that President Hoover sold at a terrible sacrifice his holdings in mines abroad. Do you know that when his country called him he was 'an international consulting engineer'? Do you know what it cost him to give up those interests? Do you know he is easy to see if you have something that interests the country? That he is ready with heart and hand to help. He will not permit his personal charities to be known—they are fine examples of the "gift with the giver" not "the gift without the giver is bare."

Do you know that all of these acts are the highest type of heroism—Patriotism in its highest form. President Hoover be-

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# Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

*A Critical Poetical Authority Focuses on Keats and Shelley*

AMONG the discriminating critics of his time, William Stanley Braithwaite's intense love of poetry and his ability to write good verse, together with his keen appreciation of the work of others, has demonstrated new values to verse. His reviews and criticisms are prose in poetry for he has an unusual command of English, and is a purist whose work is ever pregnant with poetic understanding.

Mr. Braithwaite was born in Boston in 1878 and now lives in Arlington Heights, a suburb of that city. He was largely self-educated, although the Atlanta University has conferred upon him the degree of A. M. and he has received the Litt. D. honor from Talladega College. The president of B. J. Brimmer company, publishers, his work still continues in compilation.

Author of "Lyrics of Life and Love" and "House of Falling Leaves," he still will be remembered in the future for the work which he has done in gathering the best fugitive poetry into permanent form. Among these are "Book of Elizabethan Verse," "Restoration Verse," "Anthology of Magazine Verse," and "Year Book of American Poetry." To his own collection of "Victory Celebrated in Thirty-eight Poems" Theodore Roosevelt wrote an appreciative introduction.

Mr. Braithwaite remarked, "It is difficult to place one poem in the fore of others. When I set down my favorites of Keats and Shelley, others edge in like Emily Dickinson's "We Are But Dust" and Wordsworth's "Ode," but why go on confusing the confused. Of Shelley I must mention the "Final Chorus to Hellas."

The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outgrown.  
'Tis something in the dearth of fame  
Though linked aming a fettered race,  
Even as I sing suffuse my face,  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

The poet's discriminating taste is shown in his delight of Keats, which is expressed in telling words of verse:

When age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours a friend to man,  
to whom we sayest,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

*The Popular Novelist goes to "Dover Beach" for His Heart Throb*

ALTHOUGH born and reared in inland Indiana, Meredith Nicholson confesses to a love of the sea as a source of his heart inspiration.

"I have treasured longest and most frequently repeated Matthew Arnold's poem "Dover Beach," he replied in his own colloquial way. "Its sad cadences have a curious effect of soothing me in dark hours."

Those who grow hungry for the breath and music of the sea will understand why the author of many lovely prose compositions and popular novels pronounced the following "one of the loveliest poems in the language."

The sea is calm tonight,  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast  
the light  
Gleams and is gone. The cliffs of England  
stand  
Glimmering and vast out of the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night air  
Only from the long lines of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd  
sand.  
Listen! You hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back  
and fling  
At their return up the high strand,  
Begin and cease and then again begin  
With tremulous cadence slow and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought  
Hearing it by this Northern sea.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help  
from pain.  
And we are here as on a darkling plain,  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle  
and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The "Indiana School" of authors is known favorably to book-readers the world over. A truly inspiring list of novels has been turned out by these popular "midlanders." Butler College also has a claim on Meredith Nicholson and can deservedly boast of many graduates who are now nationally known as writers of the premier class.

"The House of a Thousand Candles" is the first book by this author that comes to mind, but among others that stand out prominently are "The Main Chance," "The Port of Missing Men"—which has been picture-ized—and "Broken Barriers." In the realm of poetry we find a volume from Mr. Nicholson's pen entitled "Short Flights." Many of these are delightful lyrics, exquisitely finished in style and reflect the pulsing ambitions and thoughts of a distinctive school in literature.

FAVORITES OF EMINENT MEN WHO  
HAVE PASSED BEYOND

*Symposium of Favorite Heart Throbs of Andrew Carnegie, Lord Northcliffe, Henry Cabot Lodge, Elbert Hubbard, William Jennings Bryan, John Wanamaker and Viscount Leverhulme*

IN my editorial work I have had letters from many people who have been tremendously prominent in the public eye, throbbed into silence through the passing but whose thought and sentiments have of the years. Many have not lived to read the modern verse that is constantly being published in neat, small volumes. Theirs was the old well-tried source from which to gleam—the Past that is immortal.

It was at Skibo Castle when I met Andrew Carnegie that he entertained me in his wonderful library on a Sunday afternoon. There he gave me a couplet from the fireside poet, Bobby Burns:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

Lord Northcliffe, whose name came into notice so often during the World War as famous editor and publicist, gave me a verse by J. O. Holland as his Heart Throb contribution. I was interested to note that he had chosen an American poet and re-read the following lines with renewed interest:

God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, strong hearts, true faith  
and ready hands,  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will,  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above  
the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking.

This was in the office of the old "Thunderer" (*The London Times*) soon after he had purchased the paper and achieved an ambition that had been with him since he won his first great success with "Answers."

Like so many other great men, Henry Cabot Lodge chose Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" as a favorite:

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise;  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

Recently I read again a scrap of yellow paper which contained a message to me from Elbert Hubbard sent not long before the terrible sea disaster which quenched so many illustrious lives—the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He had penned the verses which Mark Twain placed on the tombstone of his wife as eight short lines that had sunk deep into his heart:

Warm summer sun  
Shine kindly here.  
Warm southern wind  
Blow softly here.

Green sod above  
Lie light, lie light,  
Good night, dear heart,  
Good-night, good-night.

The late William Jennings Bryan—that staunch figure at so many National Conventions—insisted that the hymn "Coronation" contained the poetic lines most dear to him, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

In the mercantile world, the name of John Wanamaker will be well-nigh immortal. Daily he talked to his customers in the short framed editorials on his advertising pages—bits about his great organization and its methods. He told me one day at Atlantic City, during the latter months of his life, that he thought no poem more inspiring than Frances Anne Kemble's "Onward, Upward":

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, live it, bear it solemnly;  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;  
Fail not for sorrow; falter not for sin;  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

You would expect such a sentiment from John Wanamaker, whose promise to his dying mother has never been broken and still remains an integral policy of the Wanamaker institution: never to sell a deck of playing cards or to advertise in a Sunday paper.

A bit of prose was chosen by the late Viscount Leverhulme as a composition that meant much to him. In his hat he had tucked away a little writing by Mark Twain, and he quoted it to me:

What a wee little part of a person's life is his acts and words. His real life is hidden in his head and is known to none but himself. Biographies are but clothes and buttons of the man,—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

#### WHAT POETS SAY OF EACH OTHER

##### *An Exchange of Compliments among Poets Living and Those Who have passed on*

WHEN the world has paid its homage and placed its laurel wreaths upon the heads of its poets, there arises a lively interest to know what verses that others have written appeal to poets best loved. They do not seem to approach the creations of others in a critical mood—they know too well all the difficulty in transmitting one half of their vision upon paper—especially into the proscribed and exacting mathematical setting of either a sonnet, a rondeau, or ballad. So I set forth to interview some well-known writers of verse to learn what favorite bit of verse written by others has touched the vibrating lyre of their own hearts.

In her bungalow at Short Beach, Conn., the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, seated on a divan in Oriental costume, began to quote Whittier's "Eternal Goodness":

I know not where those islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

During my tour through Egypt I thought of the author of "She." Later I had the opportunity of learning what Sir Rider Haggard believed to be a choice bit. Not from the Egyptain came his favorite as one might expect, but from Horace:

Who, then, is free?  
The wise man who can govern himself.

The late John Hay was a poet given to classical allusion and one must know the best of Greek and Roman philosophers to understand some of his work. He touched the heart also in his simple ballads, such as "Little Breeches," and while usually acclaimed as a statesman, his one especial quality in that capacity was international tolerance. In his career he staunchly refused to take advantage of China when other countries were gaining concessions of every kind. It was such a man who gave me these lines as his favorite—Tennyson's

"Crossing the Bar," and it was not long before with "sunset and evening star" there came his one "clear call."

"Why don't you give a poet a chance?" This was what James Whitcomb Riley laughingly said to me early in my quest, when I asked him to give me a poem that thrilled him. He gave me the poem "I Had My Violin," written out in pencil in his own handwriting:

He'd nothing but his violin,  
I'd nothing but my song,  
But we were wed when skies and  
And summer days were long.  
And when we rested by the hedge,  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold.

The world has aye gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one;  
Our homeless wandering down the lanes  
It long ago was done.  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for kine,  
'Til youth's sweet spring grows brown  
and sere,  
And love and beauty tine,  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear,  
When you had but your violin,  
And I a song, my dear.

#### BERTON BRALEY

##### *The Author names Kipling's Poem on Roosevelt as a Heart Expression*

"A saving sense of humor" has a deep meaning, for humor has saved situations where diplomacy has failed. It is God-given and I always feel a sense of envy of the man who is able to take his humor and build an occupation, a reputation and a secure life by its application.

Such a man is Berton Braley, author of "Songs of a Workaday World," "Hurdy-Gurdy on Olympus," "Sheriff of Silver Bow," "The Enchanted Flivver," "Delia Demonstrates," "Buddy Ballads," and several other books. It is by these the world knows him best, but in the words of Philip Gibbs, "more must be told."

The author was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1882. At Butte, Montana, he was a reporter, and afterward in New York was on the staff of the *Evening Mail*, then associate editor of *Puck*, where he was compelled to make humor. More serious work than that inspired by humor, Mr. Braley was special correspondent in northern Europe in the dark days of 1915, in France, England and Germany in 1918, and later in Japan and the Far East. These wide experiences have made him a delightful and welcome companion in his many clubs or in any social gathering, for he is a man of splendid intellect.

When I asked him to give me the poem that he liked to call his favorite, I knew that he was exceptionally well read and I was a little curious to know. Unhesitatingly he told me that Kipling's "Great-heart" was his choice. A portion is quoted

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# The Place of Understanding

*Away from artificial lights and shadows in the open country where the pure gold of character is discovered is a stirring and graphic tale as related by*

HORACE E. BUKER

SO far as Jonah Sampson knew he was all alone in the Mohave desert between the motor trail and the Providence range, far to the north. He had made Peg-leg wells from Antioch just at sundown, unpacked the burro and kindled his fire.

The way seemed a little longer than it had in other years. Perhaps he was getting old at last, like other fellows past the appointed three score years and ten.

From somewhere under the low hanging stars there came the faintest echo of a cry. Jonah rose stiffly and ventured a little distance from his fire but could see only the endless billows of loose sand. He came back and got out his frying pan and plates, listening now and then as though unwilling to admit that his senses could be deceived.

Again he heard the call, the merest quaver against the still night. It came from a long distance south, toward the trail, or perhaps a little west of south. Jonah answered, if not in the lusty tones of his early manhood at least so vigorously as to shock Percy into a surprised tilting of the ears. Percy, whom it is generous to call elderly, was Jonah's most trusted friend, patient bearer of burdens, sympathetic and silent.

The old man threw more chaparral on the fire then shot his revolver into the air. A minute later he fired again and there came an answering hail. Without waiting longer he lighted his lantern and set out, leading the reluctant burro. Occasionally he shouted, then stopped to listen.

At one time it seemed that the answers came from just beyond the next ridge, and then there was only silence. The old man ploded on through the deep pall of desert night, but even an occasional shot brought no reply.

Jonah took to weaving back and forth along the ridges, holding his light high and seeking a different shadow amid the straggling chaparral. Now and then he took his bearings from the tiny flicker of his fire in the distance.

Down in the hollow between two ridges there was a shadow, something lying very quiet, grotesquely sprawled across the sand. He saw where someone had climbed almost to the top of the ridge, then rolled down with a slide of the wind blown sand. Jonah and the burro clambered down with the skill of long familiarity.

The figure stirred as the old man put down his lantern. She seemed to him scarcely more than a little girl, lying there like a tired child, her torn dress but partly covering her silken legs.

"What are we coming to?" murmured Jonah Sampson as he knelt at her side. That was exactly what all his Puritan ancestors had been asking for three hundred years.

"Hello," he said quietly as she opened her eyes. "Lay still and rest a bit. I reckon you're plumb tuckered."

The first hint of alarm in the great brown eyes cleared as he was revealed to her in the light, a big, shaggy old man whose beard of white seemed to place him with the patriarchs of old.

"I'm Jonah Sampson," he explained. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Just let me help you up and Percy here will lift you into camp."

"Ted!" she screamed hysteria sweeping back upon the flood of memory. "Teddy! Oh, he's such a little boy. Just a little boy. He's lost!"

"Well, ma'am, we'll sure find him, soon's you're all right." Jonah was thinking how very young she seemed, how unlike mothers of his memory but how young and pretty, as fragile and lovely as one of the rare desert flowers that sometimes bloomed on the dunes.

He bent and lifted her easily in his strong arms. She seemed more numbed than hurt, as she lay rigid and tense in his arms. "My boy!" she murmured, quieter now, sobbing against his great shoulder. "Out there somewhere—alone."

Jonah placed her on the burro and held her firmly as he guided the animal down the valley toward where the ridge seemed less steep. "What may the little fellow's name be?" he asked very gently. "I didn't just exactly catch it."

From time to time then he halted and called. "Teddy. Ted. Ted Franklin!" He could feel her tremble within his protecting arm as she listened for some sign from the great solitude that crowded down about them. There was no answer, no sound save when the burro's heels flicked sand or rock.

"Take the lantern," he ordered, knowing the need she felt for activity and hope. "Hold it high as you can. He may see it and follow us. Anyhow it ain't so bad out here as folks imagine." Once or twice he fired his heavy revolver, but there was no answer across the rolling sea of sand.

"Don't you worry, ma'am," he consoled. "He can't get much lost. It's just sand and rock like this all between the road and the hills. That streak o' light way over yonder is one of them flying machine beacons and now and then you'll see little lights moving across the sky. We're right in civilization

even if tis kinda nice and quiet out here. Come morning we'll get up on some rise with my opry glasses and find him."

"Tomorrow!" she sobbed. "Oh, he might die before then. He may be in terrible danger right now."

"I don't know no safer place than right here in the Mohave," insisted the old man with deep conviction. "There ain't nary animal in the desert nor scarcely a snake nearer'n the hills, way over. And not any men; men are the worse things I ever met up with."

Slowly her sobbing ceased. She began to talk more freely, apparently strengthened by his calm assurance and spurred by a nervous fear that sought relief. He gathered almost all there was to know before his unerring sense of direction brought them to his camp. The fire had died down to a few coals, but Jonah needed no guide.

She had been driving with her little boy and a friend, from Los Angeles to Las Vegas. Heat and speed had blown out a tire between towns and a stop had been made to change a wheel. When the little boy's dog wandered out into the desert Teddy followed, calling back to them from time to time from not too far away. The trail cut so direct a way across the desert near the Santa Fe tracks and between enclosing hills which seemed much nearer than they were that neither adult realized the need of caution.

When they were ready to start the boy was not in sight. Even from the nearer ridges they could see no sign of him. An hour of frantic search brought no results and the very emptiness of the great rolling sands mocked their hopes.

A few motorists stopped, but none seemed to consider the situation serious enough to demand personal effort and they were all very anxious to get to Needles or Los Angeles.

Finally in desperation she ordered Leo—Leo Stuart, the obliging friend—to rush on to the next hamlet, Antioch, as the map showed, and summon help. Against his wishes she insisted on remaining behind in the terrible heat to mark the place and await the boy's return.

He had objected to her bringing the boy, and his annoyance was evident. Leo was a rugged sort of man, bold of speech and gesture, accustomed to dealing promptly and valiantly with emergencies—on the screen.

But Ted had not returned and she was unable to endure the agony of idle waiting, the constant questioning of motorists, the

pitiless sun of early afternoon in the California desert. She found what she believed to be tracks and followed them far north from the trail until they disappeared on a rocky place.

Probably she was not thinking clearly then for she staggered on all that long, hot afternoon, calling, calling, stumbling forward after darkness fell. Back of her desperation there was an accusing sense of guilt. She lost all idea of direction but continued to move across billows and ridges, across wide, level spaces of crunching gravel, weary, numb, scarcely conscious of the light swaying toward her from the distance. And then the sand seemed to fall away beneath her and she did not try to rise.

"This Stuart man—he isn't your husband?" asked the old man.

"No," she admitted, her gaze averted. "Just a very good friend. My husband has no time for anything but business."

"And what did Stuart say when Teddy got lost," inquired Jonah, with the privileged tactlessness of age. She did not appear to hear him.

"Something like 'Drat that kid,'" he suggested.

"Something like that," she admitted. "But how would you know?"

"It wasn't his boy and the father was back in Los Angeles—working for you and Teddy," explained Jonah. "Good friends of other men's wives don't never like other men's children. And now ma'am, I'm right keen to help you."

Under the calm assurance of the old man's voice and the protective strength of his presence she came slowly from the mists of hysteria that had sapped her strength. She watched while he rebuilt his fire and even made an effort to share his evening meal. Now and then she wandered out into the shadows and called, then Jonah would add his own deep hallo. He even made a far brighter fire than usual as a possible beacon to the lost child.

"Couldn't we hunt for him now?" she asked, almost in tears again. "I can't bear to think of him wandering all alone in that terrible desert."

"The desert ain't terrible," he said gently. "Not to them as knows it. I might be sitting easy on some town but it's big towns that scare me and out here there's always lots of room and time and a chance to think. Maybe he's asleep right now, and if you'll just rest we'll get after him come sunup."

He sat down near her and began to talk quietly about the desert and the hills, telling her about his old prospecting days on the Feather river and of his big strike in his old age, across the Colorado river north of Oatman. He told her of Polly, his wife, who did not live to share his good fortune, and of his grand-daughter who did.

"I went up in them Utes to get away from the crowds and from my datter," he explained. "She made me dress up every night before I could get anything to eat and she allus had the darndest bunch of dudes around. I built me a shack like Polly

and me used to have up in Nevada. And then I had to go and find a rich ledge and everybody rushed in and spiled things again. So I just give half of it to my grand-datter, so's she could marry a regular feller her mother didn't like, and I lit out again."

"But wasn't there enough for you, too?" she asked, trying to seem interested.

Jonah Sampson chuckled to himself. "Too much for anybody," he admitted. "Did you ever hear of the Polly mine up north of the United Eastern and maybe on the same vein? I made 'em take care of my half—her man's a mining engineer—and now I can keep on prospecting and be by myself. Onct when I was just a young man I found another ledge that looked as rich, over Tonopah way, and Polly and me didn't hardly own a frying pan then and we needed money awful. But it was only fool's gold—iron pyrites. And then when I found millions—well that was just fool's gold too because Polly had been dead for years."

He paused for minutes and looked off across the desert. She did not know what to say, but she knew she never could resent anything this old man might say to her.

"You see," he went on at last, "gold ain't worth nothing except when there's someone you want to make happy with it. The more you have the worse it makes you feel. Most folks don't seem to get that right until all the real gold of life is gone. The only real gold I ever had was right there in my cabin and I went half crazy about that outcrop what fooled me. And then a few years ago I was almost happy up in the Utes, sometimes imagining she was there too, until I sank a shaft just for exercise and assessment work. When I found the vein it hurt worsen the fool's gold, because it was right there for us, if we had known, while Polly was alive."

"Things are so clear in the desert, aren't they?" she said thoughtfully. "The stars and the air—and the mind—and the heart. My own gold is out here somewhere, too, and not in Hollywood where I thought." She threw herself on the sand and sobbed without restraint. Jonah watched her anxiously, but wisely remained silent until she regained some measure of control.

Nothing more will mean anything unless we find him," she declared facing him again stronger for her outburst.

"Nothing ain't worth nothing unless it makes somebody happy," Jonah added. "But lots of folks gets such grand ideas nothing does 'em any good."

"I don't ask anything more of life than to have Ted safe," she admitted. "And this morning he was with me, talking to me, and I was listening to someone else—wanting someone else."

"Maybe this Stuart feller talks smoother than Ted's dad," suggested Jonah, "or talks bigger or spends more money. Maybe he's quite a man"

"I'm not so sure," she confessed. "It did seem so—up to this afternoon. Now I wish Robert knew; he'd do something."

"Were you running away with this Stuart, ma'am?" asked the old man. She could not resent his friendly, even paternal

interest for the debt was too great. Of course a gentleman could not be so crude. Still—which was the gentleman, the young man who sought to invade a home or the old man who sought to protect it? She met Jonah Sampson's gaze and answered honestly.

"No—not exactly," she confessed. "But I had finally agreed to go to Nevada and establish a residence. You know what that means?"

"Does your husband know about it?"

She shook her head. "Robert isn't due back in Los Angeles from San Francisco until tonight," she said. "I left a note that I was going away for a few days rest between pictures. If Leo told at Antioch who Teddy is Robert will know by now from the newspaper people."

"Maybe your husband is famous, or something?"

"He's a business man, fairly successful, just one of thousands. It is because Teddy is my son that the papers would make it a big story. You see, I am Marie Clifford."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," confessed Jonah, patting his pipe against his boot. "But that don't mean nary thing to me. I thought you was Mrs. Franklin?"

"The picture actress. That's my professional name," she explained.

"I seen a picture onct," agreed Jonah. "But I didn't like the goins on and I never went again. Maybe I'll try it some time now that they make 'em talk. Is this Stuart one of them dudes that makes love to all the wimmin in the story?"

She smiled in spite of her shame and anxiety. "No, he's a director, a very important man, but he used to play heavies, that is the antagonist, the villain. Some way he doesn't seem so big to me right now, even so big as my husband. I wish Robert could do something—maybe he could send a plane but he wouldn't ride in one."

"Not even for his boy?"

She thought again, and strangely enough thought past her own point of view to that of her husband on a subject over which they had differed often. "I love to fly," she said. "And Robert always says that one of us ought to stay on the ground for Ted's sake. I accused him of being afraid, and really there's no danger today in flying."

"So I notice," agreed Jonah calmly, "whenever I pick up a newspaper."

"You're terribly old fashioned," said Marie, "and perhaps absolutely right. You're so different from everyone I know."

"Now Ma'am," continued Jonah undisturbed, "I don't want to be too meddling but I've just got an idee that the Lord wants to keep you from making an awful mistake. So we're going to find the little boy, come daylight. You just try to sleep and I'll take the lantern and kinda circle around and holler for an hour or two, so's you'll know we're doing something."

She watched him gather chaparral and heap it upon the fire. "If so happen they's anyone out hunting for the boy they ought to see that," he said, "but they ain't many men that can get away in them little desert



towns. Might have to get 'em from Needles or Barstow."

Marie curled up in the warm sand and watched his light moving into the distance. Now and then she could hear his voice, but never an answering hail. She cried a little and called herself a fool. Better still, she meant it. She wondered what Robert was doing back in Los Angeles and whether Leo was leading searchers into the desert—or had felt called back to the city on important matters. Someway she felt less confidence in Leo now than in Robert, Robert the silent, slow, unemotional husband of a celebrity. Yes, Robert would be doing something and it would be something sane and thoughtful.

How different from Hollywood the desert and its values. How different everything seemed, even herself and particularly the values of life. So that was the gold the old man found in the desert. Before her agonized vision, colored by fear and numbing dread, fame seemed so unimportant, wealth too and the admiration of men. Nothing mattered except that Ted should be safe and that Robert could understand.

She dozed at times, for she was very tired. Toward morning she awoke and found that Jonah had covered her with a blanket and renewed the fire. At times she thought she saw his light against the distant horizon, but could not be certain that it was not a star, so low the heavens seemed to hang.

Finally she rose and wandered around the camp, startled by the dozing burro, alarmed yet hopeful at every wavering shadow. She threw more wood upon the fire and hacked at sticky chaparral which seemed to spring away before the hatchet. She wondered if she would step on a snake or find one coiled among the bushes, but all lesser fears seemed trivial beneath the only one her mind could hold.

Suddenly she stood upright and listened. There were people somewhere near; voices came to her indistinctly. Then three figures were revealed in sharp outline against the stars, moving figures following a slight ridge toward the camp. Two were tall, the other small. There was something in an occasional tone that merged hope into certainty.

Marie threw aside the hatchet and ran toward them, tingling with new joy. Stumbling through the loose sand she called excitedly: "Ted! Ted! It's mother. I'm over here."

The two larger shadows halted. The smaller one came flying toward her down the slope, a little boy who had been terribly frightened by darkness and even by the two rough men who had found him stumbling through the night, clutching a fretful dog.

Marie knelt in the sand and gathered him into her arms, arms that had been more lonely than those who knew Marie Clifford in her pride ever could have imagined. Perhaps the little boy felt that all had been worth while for this reward so rare. The tiny terrier wriggled and licked her face but she did not care.

"Here's Buddy, mama," he told her

proudly. "I found him and then I couldn't find you. And then the men, Jim and Rod here, they found me."

"We picked up the tip about a reward down the trail," one of the tall figures was saying. "So we left our car where you went off the road to fix a tire and ranged up toward the hills, because we need some cash."

"Who's paying the dough?" the other demanded.

"I'll gladly pay it, and thank you," she promised happily, leading the way toward the firelight.

"A thousand dollars," said the first. "We could use it right now."

"Two thousand, they said at Amboy," the other corrected, after a glance around the empty camp. "And if you're Marie Clifford it ought to be more."

"That will be attended to, whatever is right," Marie promised, too happy to read the menace in their tones. "Of course I don't carry such sums with me, but I'm terribly grateful."

"Grateful don't get you nothing," Jim Randall insisted. "And we don't give up the kid until we gets our cash, eh Rod?"

"Correct," agreed Rod Burke, "Watch out now, somebody's coming."

Jonah's lantern was swinging into view not far away and Marie called to him happily.

"Just an old prospector who found me in the desert," she explained. "I was hunting for Teddy."

The two men stood back as Jonah approached, watching his movements carefully, their hands in their coat pockets. Apparently they decided that he need not be considered seriously.

The old man paid little attention at first to the strangers. He knelt and embraced the little boy, patted the dog, beamed upon the radiant mother. "I told you he'd be all right, ma'am," he boasted.

"We found the kid, not you," reminded Rod.

"Sartin sure," agreed Jonah, for the first time glancing keenly at the two beneath his shaggy brows. "Sit, strangers, and have a bite."

"We're taking the kid down to Antioch to get the reward," declared Jim threateningly. "We don't know nothing about you and this woman."

"I'm the boy's mother and I will be the one to pay you," she protested, a hint of danger tempering her new happiness. "You shall have more than promised, whatever that was. We all can go down to the railroad at daylight and I'll send for the money."

"Two thousand dollars," cautioned Burke, "and maybe it ought to be five, if you're that picture actress. We ain't got time to hang around for it neither."

"My lawyer can bring it on the first train," she agreed. "What better can I do?"

"Says you," snarled Jim Randall, glancing toward Jonah who still seemed the most harmless of old desert rats. "We don't trust lawyers and maybe the boy is worth

more than you want to give."

"Lots more," agreed Rod, sensing her alarm.

"This ain't no time for talk," placated the old man. "The little lady'll sure do right by you."

"You ain't in on this, old man," warned Rod.

"I don't want nothing," declared Jonah, showing a trace of spirit. "It don't seem to me like a business matter."

"How much money you got on you?" demanded Rod of Marie.

"Why none, of course," she said. "I had a little, a few hundred perhaps, in my purse in the car."

"And you making thousands every week, they tell," scorned Jim.

"So the publicity department says," she reminded. "Really I don't know just how my accounts stand, but I can get what I need."

"Well, we're thinking you might be a lot more liberal if we kept the boy," Rod broke in. "Maybe if we went up in the hills and let you and this old codger go down to Antioch he could bring us back something worth while, about ten grand. And you wouldn't want to do nothing crooked or send anyone with him or the kid might get hurt."

"Oh, you couldn't do that," she cried, gathering Teddy into her arms.

"Lady, you don't know nothing about what we can do," threatened Jim.

Jonah started to rise. "Sit still, old man," came the warning. "Don't get hurt now, we're going to need you."

"It wuldn't do no good," explained the old man, settling back with resignation. "This here strip o' desert and hills is right in a triangle between two railroads. Supposin' I did bring you the money or you hurt the boy, how'd you get out of this pocket?"

"We might keep the kid until we did get out," declared Jim. "Thanks for the tip."

"An old fool sometimes talks too much," mused Jonah bitterly.

Suddenly Rod sprang forward and began to spread sand on the smouldering ashes of the campfire. "Not a yip out of anybody!" he growled. "If any of you makes a sound we'll shoot and run with the kid."

Jonah glanced toward the south and saw, far away, an undulating row of tiny lights. Searchers had reached the hills that broke the desert west of Antioch. They might as well have been a thousand miles away for he dared not risk the lives entrusted to his keeping.

The old prospector felt the handle of his gun against his side and was glad that he had reloaded every chamber. But before him he saw two men, each holding an automatic. Already in the first faint streaks of dawn he could discern even the expressions of their evil faces, and he wondered if they knew how quickly day follows the first swift messengers across the desert's face.

Delay now seemed the only hope. In watched the roving lights wind out of view into the west.

Suddenly Jim glanced uneasily into the east and called a warning to his pal. Jonah sat passively on the sand near his packs, his coat hiding his holster. Marie and Ted clung to each other silently, their cheeks wet with tears, their eyes wide with fright.

"Well, snap out of it!" ordered Rod. "Hand over the kid; we've got to move fast. You, old man, take the small canteen and get the woman down to Antioch. We'll keep the burro and the outfit. When you start a fire over near that white spur on the hills we'll come down with the kid."

"That's a day's trip for me from here, two from the road," protested Jonah.

"We'll keep the kid for days, no more," warned Jim.

"You can't take him, you can't, you can't!" Shrieking wildly, the mother fled with her child before Jim's grasp. "Take me, if you have to, but you can't take Teddy!"

"Might take you both," suggested Rod, glancing at his partner.

"None of that," declared Jim. "She might outsmart us and I don't trust you with women nohow."

"Why not take me?" bargained the old man. "I got money, too, maybe more than the lady."

"Shut up, you old rat," advised Rod with contempt. Jonah subsided into what seemed senile calm.

The little boy wailed in terror as Jim tore him from his mother's arms and tossed the dog aside. Marie stumbled backward to the sand as the man thrust her brutally aside. Teddy's wild sobbing lashed her to her feet. Almost in a daze she saw the boy being carried away from her, kicking and struggling in his captor's arms. Randall swore as he brought his great hand violently against the little fellow's face.

There was no hint of Marie Clifford, orchid of polite comedy, in the demonic fury with tattered garments and flying hair that leaped upon Randall, pounding, clawing, shrieking in a frenzy of despair and fear.

Madness made her almost his equal, at least for that crucial flash of seconds. With both hands she wrenched the gun from him and he dropped the boy only in time to send the weapon spinning from her grasp. Then she was clinging to him again like a tigress, heedless of the battering blows he landed on her face and back and shoulders with his one free hand.

Jonah Sampson had almost been forgotten as an active force, which was exactly as he wished. Rod Burke gave only a glance toward the simple old fellow before starting toward Randall on the run.

In that instant of respite for which he had waited long, Jonah went into action. A bullet whistled across Burke's path. "Stop, you durn coyote," roared the old prospector. "Drop that gun!"

Burke turned slowly, almost insolently, then began to walk slowly toward the old man. He saw that Jonah was standing and had drawn a big Colt, clumsy and old-fashioned. He saw, too, that the gun was not even cocked and that instead of having his

finger on the trigger the old man's thumb lay across the hammer. City bred, Rod had never heard of the old western custom of filing the hammer release that a revolver could be "fanned" from the hammer almost as fast as a modern automatic could shoot.

"Put 'em up!" roared Jonah again. Burke came on, his face twisted in an evil grin. Suddenly the automatic barked, once, twice. Even as the weapon raised Jonah stepped aside. He did not raise his Colt or even aim, but Rod stopped suddenly and spun half around. His arm fell at his side, the automatic falling from helpless fingers as he clutched at his shoulder and screamed with pain.

Then the old man's great body crashed against him and he lay moaning in the sand. Jonah swept up the automatic, emptied it into the air and tossed it out into the desert, then leaped toward Randall. The bully's battering arm fell suddenly limp and he sank sprawling across the sand.

From the southwest came a staccato of answering shots.

"I lammed him with the butt," apologized the old prospector to Marie as he returned his gun to its holster. "It want exactly sporting but it needed doin, and any little boy is wuth a passel of snakes."

He picked up Randall's gun and held down the trigger until it discharged the loads then tossed it after the other. "City killers," he said. I never did trust a man what carried one of them things. They ain't fair nor honorable."

Active as a far younger man, Jonah Sampson wasted no time in binding the unconscious Randall and the whimpering Burke with ropes and straps from his burro's pack. Teddy had rescued his dog and was kneeling at his mother's side, more fondly proud of this strange, wild protector than ever he had been of the serene and beautiful woman who had so little time for him at home. He did not know what to say, but with his arms around her neck and his lips against her bruised cheek he whispered all the vagrant thoughts that come to the heart of a bewildered child.

There was a strong song in the air as Jonah looked up from his work of tying the bandits hand and foot. With recovered consciousness Randall joined with Burke in threats, curses, promises, but Jonah was more interested in watching the three planes that were taking form above them. Others were visible as moving dots against the western sky and from a nearby ridge came the shouts of the searchers who had passed in the darkness.

The planes circled low, startled, excited faces peering down. "There's daddy!" cried Marie, waving back in frantic delight.

Franklin's plane came to a perilous, bouncing stop on a fairly level spot just beyond the abandoned Pegleg well. Another landed a mile away and the third circled several times then headed toward the landing field at Antioch.

Jonah sighed, poked Percy in the side for reveille and began to assembled his pack. "This place is going to be too durn crowded from now on," he complained to the companion of his journeys.

The desert was coming to life on all sides, air passengers and posses converging toward the center of attraction. Jonah saw Marie and Teddy racing across the sands toward a group from the nearer plane. He saw the foremost man sweep them into his arms, and then the old man turned away. "It ain't seemly to watch," he thought. "Not when folks is seein' into heaven."

People were crowding about him and asking questions. The bandits were being carried toward a plane, Burke cursing with pain from his injured shoulder, Randall grimly silent. Men with cameras were darting here and there, snapping pictures of Jonah, of Percy, of Marie and Teddy and Robert Franklin, and especially of the fettered bandits journeying across the sands on improvised stretchers.

Robert, Marie and the little boy came toward Jonah, the others falling back to give them room. Jonah took Robert's hand and looked into his face and his old heart swelled with gratitude at the happiness he read. He imagined that Marie remembered the unrestrained confidences of the night and feared what might be told Robert and the news men. So first he settled that.

"Mister," he said, returning the firm pressure of Franklin's grasp. "They've been looking for you. She knew you'd bring a flock of flying machines and mebbe an army, and seems like you did. She's pure gold and I'm right proud of knowing her. You just never'll imagine the glorious fight she won out here."

Only Marie understood and he read his reward in her eyes. "But we want to do something for you," declared Robert with deep sincerity.

"You might hustle me up some rope, so's I can pack," suggested the old man. "I used most of mine on them skunks."

Everyone laughed but several started for the planes to supply his need. The old man was ill at ease and his glance continually strayed toward the distant hills.

"Come home with us," urged the father. "Tell me some way to prove how much happiness you have brought to us."

Jonah shook his head and smiled. "I've got something more to think about," he said gently, "something beautiful, and mebbe a mite of pride that's good for old folks. That's always enough, I reckon, when you're waitin' for sunset."

His thoughts were on the wooded hills and they could not hold him back. As he strode forward under the mounting sun he found again the solitude he sought.

"Surely there is a vein for the silver," he avowed to the restless sand and the tranquil sky, "and a place for gold where they find it. . . . And where is the place of understanding. . . . It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. . . . The gold and the crystal cannot equal it and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. . . . Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding. . . . For He looketh to the ends of the earth and seeth under the whole heaven. . . . He prepared it, yea, and searched it out."



## Walter Scott's Way of Helping Others

*Continued from page 53*

gold plaque in honor of the anniversary that reads three-score and ten.

Among the tributes also was a letter from Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, the city in which Walter Scott began his business career. The letter, like that of President Coolidge, had a most warmhearted and friendly appreciation of the achievements of Walter Scott as an American business man.

"I know of no event incident to the celebration of the Christmas season, in which the whole world rejoices, more pleasing than the appropriate ceremonies in honor of the seventieth birthday of Colonel Scott, the Minuteman of human mercy.

"Everywhere in this country when ways and means are devised to make the world a little brighter and better for others the mind and heart of Colonel Scott are always in evidence.

"Men of every kin love and honor this brilliant Scotchman for his sterling qualities, strength of purpose and kindness of spirit.

"I deeply regret that the pressure of administrative duties is such that I cannot attend the ceremonies in honor of the seventieth birthday of Colonel Scott, but will be grateful if you will kindly notify his legion of friends that I shall be honored if they can make me an appropriate reservation for the hundredth anniversary birthday ceremonies of Colonel Scott."

## Colorful Career of Levon West, Etcher

*Continued from page 55*

prints by these men are ranged along side the work with which we are here concerned, it becomes at once manifest that something new has been achieved. Mr. West's treatment of water, for one thing, is much more realistic than that found in the work of any of the other etchers mentioned. And while his patterns of light and dark resemble a little those found in some of Camerons later prints (not of Venice), it is a resemblance merely.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL.

The following from *THE ART NEWS*, an authority on Etchings, is a most fitting tribute to Mr. West.

Set in the midst of a comprehensive selection of Levon West's well known and popular prints that range about over hill and dale and a good part of the seven seas, Kennedy and Company introduce a set of new plates done recently in Venice that argue for this young American etcher a more notable success than most of his admirers had perhaps forecast for him. He has stepped outside the well worn highway of the anecdotal print into the more restricted yet rewarding territory of the plate scored first and foremost for its own sake. These new Venetian prints show Mr. West in a new light as a print-maker caring more for the elements of composition, tone, mood and atmosphere than for the quick and easy making of the pictorial souvenir.

Looking at the four long plates of ancient Gothic palaces mirrored in the ageless waters of the Adriatic, you know at once that, instead of making a however happy record of some particular architectural monument, Mr.

West is giving you the essential Venice that stirred Turner and Guardi and all the rest of the company of enamored painters. Back of the particular, Mr. West has sensed the underlying spirit of the place and he catches now something of Whistler's nocturnalizing, now something of Cameron's deep gravity, and again something of McBey with his spirited technique and tempo. Beside these new prints Mr. West's long and crowded record of forest and plain and waterway seem somewhat remote and undemanding like topical wayside ditties beside the sonorities and crescendos of his new chanting. To have made such a radical departure is a courageous thing to have done, more so than perhaps the artist realizes. But I feel sure that the majority of his admirers will see the increased importance of his new work and follow along with him.

RALPH FLINT.

The *NEW YORK EVENING POST* art critic adds.

At the Kennedy Galleries Levon West rather surprises us, for he not only deserts the Western scenes, which he has been associated with, but, centering his interest in Venice, he has developed quite different technical expression to conform to the new type of subject. If any one supposes that Whistler exhausted the possibilities of this enchanting city of manifold charms, he will find that Mr. West has discovered new qualities in its glamorous expanses of sea and sky, in its crumbling old palaces and shadowed canals. Moreover, with this fresh vision, he has found just the means to express the sense of ancient splendor and modern decay, that is Venice, with reticence, sensitiveness and serenity. His plates, as usual, are ably handled with resulting impressions of great clarity and brilliancy.

## The Varied Types of Heroism

*Continued from page 57*

lies in helping a man to help himself—never in the dole.

Twenty years from now, I predict that President Hoover will be looked upon as the President who more closely adhered to the same simple high ideals on which our country was founded than any President since Washington—to what end? That we may have Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness—the greatest liberty is in knowing the Truth and living. We are not free until we conquer ourselves—put to flight the wrongs and stand for right.—Happiness is not the Butterflies Ball nor the Grasshoppers feast—that is only joy. True Happiness comes only as a surprise sequel to most worthy endeavors.—Service to others—that and that only brings real happiness.

Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and co-operate with the President.

Think not for one moment that the men who founded this country did not give up luxuries too. Some of them had more stately mansions than most of our citizens have ever seen. With the comfort of personal thoughtful service which beats all the bells and buttons you may push.—They gave it up and with plain living and high thinking gave their lives—for what—for us. Are we going to shrug our shoulders—when our President reminds us of their purpose and our duty to uphold their ideals and live as they did for Right?

President Hoover quietly works—he is plain in his manner and his speech—but he is as Browning said:—

*One who never turned his back but  
marched breast forward—  
Never doubted clouds would break—  
Never dreamed tho right were worst-  
ed—wrong would triumph—  
Held we fall to rise—are baffled to  
fight better—  
Sleep to wake."*

President Hoover asks only that we who make up the citizenship of these United States—do our duty. That is the greatest leadership a country can have. Let us persistently stand with him in the military attitude of his soul—whose ultimate object is the last defiance of falsehood and wrong—the power to be tolerant and bear patiently that Right and Truth may be Victorious and we shall share in the great true heroism of Herbert Hoover.

## Favorite Heart Thobs of Famous People

*Continued from page 59*

ed, especially for the enjoyment of those who loved Theodore Roosevelt.

### GREATHEART

(Theodore Roosevelt)

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his—one Great-heart.—*Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

Concerning brave Captains  
Our age hath made known  
For all men to honor,  
One standeth alone;  
Of whom, o'er both oceans,  
Both peoples may say  
Our realm is diminished  
With Great-Heart away.

In purpose unsparing,  
In action no less,  
The labors he praised  
He would seek and confess  
Through travel and battle,  
At hazard and pain,  
And our world is none the braver  
Since Great-Heart was ta'en.

## Fish—And the World Feasts With You

*Continued from page 56*

with salmon that some shrewd fishermen in early days used to color their salmon in order to help the market, although it was conceded that the pink, dainty lighter-colored salmon was preferable.

The world is governed by impressions in reference to fish as to everything else. The more one studies and investigates the subject of fishing the more interest one has in the eating thereof.

The work of the fisherman seems to be a story of primary sustenance. It is an industry that provides the extremes of pleasure and pastime and the perils of the deep. It has had a long history as a vocation providing sustenance on which humans subsist,—a pursuit in supplying one food that has been blessed by all and never cursed by any cult in the history of man.

## Now for a "Trip to Florida"

*The annual American winter habit continues with Florida, the objective in the itinerary—Realization and anticipations of the state named for flowers, remaining a topic for nation-wide discussion.*

A TRIP to Florida" persists—it is a habit. It grows upon one as the years come and go. A winter without "sand in your shoes" makes the calendar seem incomplete. My pilgrimages began in the days of Henry M. Flagler, and I can never shake off the witching remembrance of my first glimpse of the heralded land of Enchantment.

At Jacksonville the rays of electric light and moonbeams coquettishly wooing the waving palms—the golden glow of the oranges "on the trees" makes the traveler from the chill north feel that he has arrived in at least the vestibule of Paradise. Mr. Flagler lavished yellow paint on cars and station buildings in his railroad enterprise as a fitting color scheme for the portals of the new tropical empire. It suggested the sunshine emblematic of the faith and hope which rediscovered the state in which was sought the Fountain of Youth.

Visitors are soon acclimated, after being thoroughly thawed out and freed from the chilling anticipation of "going outdoors" in wintertime. Overcoats and overshoes are thrown aside without a thought of a

The story of Florida is like the unfolding of the leaves of a magic tale. It represents extremes, now up, now down, but always a gain on the "five yard line." There have been intensive training, huddling and bucking, with signals false and true, and much running with the ball, but the game goes gaily on.

The prevailing depression was foreshadowed in the recent history of Florida. People in '25 were no more wild and unreasonable over Florida real estate values than they were in the late lamented stock market orgy which collapsed in much the same fashion. Happily it is coming around in much the same way that Florida has returned for a new reckoning. To me it still appears on the map like a golden pendant hanging from a necklace of the sovereign states of the U. S. A.—a symbol of beauty and prolonged youth.

The gem treasure of all is the health it has given to thousands, the lives it has prolonged, reflected in the vital statistics of recent years, showing there are more people living over fifty years of age than under twenty years.

"A trip to Florida" A. D. 1932 means

in the world, are represented in the growing population that marked such a marvelous advance in the last census. The transfusion of these varied peoples and activities creates an irresistible impulse to "go



Avenue of rustling palms



The Royal Palms in stately array herald tropical Florida

rain check, and from this busy and bustling gateway of Florida, one begins "exploring" with the spirit of "Old Hickory" for whom the city was named when he served as the first American Governor of Florida.

meeting and mingling with a cosmopolite people as in the old days. You do not think of age—you are simply a little "riper" for the experience of swift-passing years. Every state, almost every country

ahead," fearless and unafraid, and keep step with the rapid pace of modern progress.

Almost every city, town, village and hamlet have reflected "trips to Florida" in new homes in every state, emphasizing beauty as a utility. The very nature of the visitors seems to change under the friendly Florida greetings exchanged. Salutations of cheery comradeship on every hand makes one feel they have arrived in a place where they are welcomed in a trip to Florida.

A feeling of honeymoon days came when unfolding a ticket on the Orange Blossom Special. It brings the lively anticipation that in a few hours this magic "Mercury" of modern trains will land the traveler speedily, rested and refreshed, for more glorious days in Florida. Wearing a cluster of orange blossoms, Ina Claire traveled on this train, and, like many thousands of others, beamed smiles of happiness. Leaving New York at ten in the morning, the traveler finds himself in Miami in the far-flung tropical frontier the following afternoon. Paul Whiteman and other eminents who have traveled on the Orange Blossom Special have essayed to express their appreciation in their own way. He tuned up his famous band to play a syncopated harmony that goes with "a trip to Florida" over the Seaboard Air Line, the very name



of which suggests modern modes and methods of swift traveling.

A mode of living is "adjustable" in Florida, whether it is to be dining self-service or in the palatial hotels. The tour-



Summer-time in winter days

ists soon scatter in all directions from terminal points in a "pursuit of happiness" that fulfills Thomas Jefferson's dream when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Golf legions hurry out to the fairways with a feeling that this game is the greatest winter asset of Florida. On the course many friendships are formed among people from all parts of the country, for "getting acquainted" is one of the ancient alibis for this pastime. The state is dotted with superb golf courses. Eminent are in the tournaments, seeking not only the "pot of gold at the end of the golfer's rainbow," representing thousands of dollars, but a Florida record that adds to world fame. Spectators applaud as vigorously as at ball games. Looking out upon the wide open spaces of green verdure was like viewing a scene in Life's great play, bringing the exhilaration of a winter day outdoors, encouraging summer-time enthusiasm in the fair land of Florida.

The fisherman disappears far afield to alluring haunts hoping to arrive before other Nimrods. Down the historic St. John we glide to Silver Springs with its magic waters, toward Palatka. The overhanging moss and mistletoe and holly made it seem like a land of never-ending Yuletide. At Greencove Springs which long ago won the heart of Phineas T. Barnum as a winter home, finds the cut-over area of pine lands transformed into an empire of fruit-bearing trees, and farms and fields at the Penney-Gwynn Farms. In the cen-

ter nestles the Memorial Church and the homes provided for scores of superannuated ministers.

Towards the rising sun is St. Augustine, the site of the oldest inhabited city in the United States, the location sought by Ponce de Leon in his search for the fountain of Eternal youth. Here were built those those first palatial hotels that made Florida world famous as a winter haven. The luxuriance of Moorish architecture was the beginning of transplanting the Mediterranean idea of domiciles to America.

Lakes and rivers dot the landscape and seem to reinforce human vigor in this realm of health. To the west is Gainesville, the home of the University of Florida, which under Dr. John J. Tigert has established itself as one of the leading educational institutions of the country. The sturdy student body of Florida youth in this environment find opportunity for a contact with Nature to study and experiment upon the exhaustless agricultural resources of the state. Nearby Mr. H. W. Bennett in brief months transformed waste places into the largest tung oil grove in the world with a record of production that was amazing. The saving of seventy-five million dollars per year at home paid to foreigners means much in these times. The soil of Florida will produce vegetation and trees under the smiling sun that adds much to comforts and healthful diet of the country at large.

Speeding over motor roads that are the envy of every other state in the Union—distance is annihilated. Towns and cities far apart seem like a cluster of communities. To list all of the interesting places one visits in "a trip to Florida" would make a bulging telephone directory in itself. Some represent the high hopes of the past—but all have lively anticipations to come. Many have held their own, pushing ahead with

Nature in the land of blooming hibiscus.

From Deland with its Stetson University on to Sanford, the sweet scent changes from orange blossoms to celery, and marks the head of navigation on picturesque St. John's River which has a distinction among American streams of running north.

Orlando, the center from which much of the citrus activities proceed, is a focal point for the marketing and collateral interests of the citrus industry in Florida. At Winter Park, a few miles distant, is located Rollins College. The "Conference" classroom plans of Dr. Hamilton Holt, the president, has proved a triumph for his new formula of education. The handsome new buildings and chapel and charming environment have made Winter Park a center of culture.

A drive to Howey-in-the-Hills nearby, through thousands of deep green orange trees adorned with snow-white blossoms on rolling hills, suggests the Swiss Alps and a remembrance of the dainty idleweiss. W. J. Howey, the pioneer and intrepid developer, has brought out of the soil of cutover pine lands, grapefruit and oranges in demand the world over.

At Eustis, one of the oldest and most famous of the interior towns, Frank D. Waterman, maker of the Ideal Fountain Pen, and erstwhile Republican candidate for mayor of New York City against Jimmy Walker, has built a hotel carrying out the Florida ideal. It was christened the Fountain Inn, without thought of the famous pen that he makes, but because the name of Florida is first associated with the word "Fountain"—the fountain sought in the search for Eternal Youth flowing into the living waters embowered with flowers. Years ago Mr. Waterman came to Eustis and found restored health working in the orange groves and gardens. While building his home at Blue Lake the idea came to



Where sylvan woods sing the song of enchantment

a faith in the future of their beloved Florida. Scenes of rolling hills and shrubs suggest New England in spring time, but the air heavy-laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms makes it seem like a continuous winter wedding time for Mother

him of building a Fountain Inn, which is not only a hotel, but a home retreat with the atmosphere of an old time inn. Close to the primeval jungle and the horticultural triumphs of fair Florida, Fountain Inn is the center of gay festivities on all the holi-

days during the winter and the scene of many important convention assemblies. Near here Calvin Coolidge spent his holiday in Florida at Claremont.

Through the Mountain Lake district, amid great rolling billows of orange groves, on to Babson Park, the favorite retreat and village built by the renowned statistician, Roger Babson, we fairly whirled. In passing we heard the bells of the "Singing Tower" at Lake Wales an enduring monument to the late Edward W. Bok of the Ladies Home Journal. This carillon has attracted thousands of tourists to that flower-festooned and shrub-embowered retreat on the hill every day of the year. At the sprightly little town of Sebring, I found Rex Beach in his winter home, hard at work on a new novel, inhaling "atmosphere" for his stories with every breath.

Swinging off to the east, skirting the shores of Lake Okeechobee, the largest inland lake in the United States, we came upon the great sugar mill. This is the land of the sugar cane in the tropics. Crossing many canals radiating from Lake Okeechobee, the bus traveled fast over the Connors Highway to Palm Beach. Mention of these magic words makes one think of the scenes in novels and plays and the comforts of Palm Beach suits. This place was the pride of Henry M. Flagler, and for a long time the terminus of his railway. "Why go farther when you have reached this land of the royal palm?" said his friends. The Ocean Boulevard provides a view of the turquoise seas. This area is closer to the Gulf Stream than any other stretch of land on this mundane sphere. Three miles out to sea, the giant ocean stream flows a ceaseless river on through the vast depths, with a temperature that does not vary the year round, bringing balmy breezes as ceaseless as the tides. Bathing on this balmy coast in this surf during the winter with zero weather in the north is an experience that suggests how man in his travels is able even to master the weather of this whirling sphere.

On the route to Miami are other cities and towns claiming the benefits of abutting the Gulf Stream. Some of the "town sites" are memories to many thousands of investors in Florida real estate who have remembrance of payments "lost long since awhile," but still glad they had their fling.

Under the spell of the fascinating colors of sky and water that enhalo tropical Florida, I first looked upon Miami, and the charm has grown year by year. The mangrove swamp has since blossomed into the world-famous Miami Beach, with its incomparable homes and hotels. The dream of Henry Flagler when he extended his railroad to the little fishing village on Biscayne Bay has been realized. After Miami came the plans of an overseas railroad to isolated Key West, tying together the magic Keys of tropical America for the traveler by land. Who can forget the journey over the surf on a railway train to the Island City that never has known frost, in the southernmost confines of the boundaries of contiguous United States.

Swinging around the tip of the Peninsula, over the Tamiami Trail, a trip to Florida now includes penetrating the far-famed

Everglades in a motor car. The creation of the new Everglades Park by the Federal government ardently advocated by Congress-woman Ruth Bryan Owen of Miami

pelicans, snow-white and blue. Traffic proceeds at a lively pace on this golden cord uniting the east and the west coast of Florida.

A triumphal arch marks the entrance into Collier County which has been organized and developed by Mr. Barron G. Collier and for whom it was named. Long before the boom era, he went through a trying time, steadfastly refusing to sell land—determined to develop. Railroads were built and canals constructed from the earth making the highway, railroad and canal. The opening of the Everglades empire will always be associated with the creative genius of Barron Collier. The charm of the town of Everglades first lured him to this section. Soon after, he developed the Collier County brand of grapefruit and has the largest tomato fields ever known in one area. He established canning factories, and has made this isolated section to blossom as the rose. Containing the largest cypress forest now standing, the development of the resources of this area has only begun.

Along the trail from Tampa to Miami are the accumulated evidence of Collier enterprise. Collier City, with a snug harbor among the keys, and the Florida Naples, counted the most beautiful stretch of surf beach in the world, are among the attractive points of interest in this enchanted frontier.

Fort Myers is known world-wide as the winter home of the late Thomas Alva Edison. This was the spot on "a trip to Florida" that lured the Wizard of Menlo Park and enabled him to continue his experiments here that finally resulted in the perfection of the incandescent lamp. It is also the headquarters of the Collier Transportation and Steamboat Company that has provided a service by land and by sea, by bus and boat, to say nothing of an efficient telephone service, that bind homes, offices and factories together. The Avenue of Royal Palms marks the entrance to the city from the surrounding country, formerly the great cattle ranges of the Peninsula State.

A fitting tribute was paid to Barron Collier's busy life and notable achievements in Florida when the new million dollar bridge at Punta Gorda was named Collier Bridge—a fitting companion to the bridge named for Edison at Fort Myers. It was dedicated with formal ceremonies on July 4, 1931. The structure is of impressive design with a modern type of handrail, and concrete piles, bridging the swirling waters of Peace River. Governor Carlton and Congressman Drane were present at the ceremonies marking this fitting recognition of the construction citizenship of Barron Collier, following his eventful "trip to Florida" some years ago. It cost over one million dollars, and is 4375 feet long. The bascule draw operated by electricity has a span of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Altogether it was an appropriate celebration event for the Fourth of July, marking the last bridge link in the completion of the Tamiami Trail with which Mr. Collier had much to do in pushing forward to completion. A throng of fifteen thousand people gathered for this gala day at Punta Gorda.

In his response to the honors bestowed



Scenes in St. Augustine, the oldest inhabited city on the Atlantic Coast

is becoming an accomplished fact. Over this famous trail so thrillingly described by Mary Stoneman Douglas, one feels that they might be in another world. As far as eyes can reach were veritable high hills of



upon him Mr. Collier expressed the sincerity of purpose among Floridians that made this an impressive gala day.

When I first started to pioneer and con-

transportation and, like human beings, who live by and for each other. We absolutely depend upon the part of each and all of us to pull together to secure one great co-operative achievement.



Where turquoise waters glisten under sunny skies

struct in Florida and tried to make swamp and barren places blossom into gardens and unusually productive areas, it did not occur to me that there would be any reward. I do not look for reward, nor did I anticipate any.

What I may have done for Florida was done freely and willingly without any hope of reward. With all the millions that I may have invested in this beautiful and fertile land, I have never received a return, I have never expected a return. I sought no monetary advantage when I came here.

When the supreme minds guiding the destinies of this great state have seen fit to bestow upon this great bridge the name of Barron Collier, it brings a consciousness of everlasting gratitude to me. It makes me feel that devoting the best that is in me to the interests of Florida in the future shall be the least that I can possibly do to earn so great a reward at her hand.

This great bridge which we open today is part of the progress of transportation. We may build the finest boulevards and the finest highways in all the world, but they are good only part of the way. They only serve until we reach the river. One is dependent on the other. Each is a part of the great scheme of

You will all live to see what I firmly believe,—Florida will some day come into its own—the beacon which will light its people and the admiring world to this successful land of glorious Golden Sunshine.

Florida, the great land of promise! Florida, the land of the magnolias and the fountain of youth, where the sun shines brighter, the wind blows softer, the birds sing sweeter! Florida, Florida, the Kingdom of the Sun!

The bridge leads to the famed Charlotte Harbor Hotel, the queen of the Collier Chain, under the efficient management of Peter Schlutt. It extends from Tampa Terrace and Floridian at Tampa, on to Bradentown, the Everglades Club, and West Palm Beach, and back to the charms of Lakeland, all under the energetic and capable management of Hal Thompson with headquarters at Tampa. Charlotte Harbor has long been famed as the most attractive arm of the sea on the two thousand mile coastline of Florida. At the entrance looms Useppa Island, where Mr. Collier for many years has made his winter home. From Boca Grande close at hand is shipped much of the

phosphate that has brought renown to Florida in the industrial world.

Through his advertising service covering street cars all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, Mr. Collier has done much to exploit Florida and her products. Far and near he has heralded the virtues of the fair land which long ago won his heart. The popularity of the tomato juice cocktail so widely used has added much not only to the revenue of tomato growers in Florida but to the farmers everywhere that grow the love apple. Fruits and vegetables all the year round for the tables of the north have contributed much to the healthful hygienic modes and methods of living that are prolonging the life of Americans.

Not far to the north is located the charming city of Sarasota, launched by Ringling enterprise. The world-famous Ringling Art Museum, built by John Ringling, is one of the sights in Florida. The bustling little city is the winter quarters of the Circus world which makes the pageant in Sarasota a spectacular event recalling the glories of ancient days and marks the opening of the circus season dear to the hearts of American youth. The city is altogether a great credit to constructive work of John Ringling and his brothers in exemplifying Florida faith. They too have made the waste places blossom out of the sands along the shore. The cluster of communities on the coast from Pass de Grilles to Tarpon Springs, where the sponge industry flourishes, includes the enchanting Clearwater.

Up the colorful coastline is historic Tampa, the busy commercial city of Florida. The fame of the Gasperilla Carnival, and the sunsets on Tampa and Gandy Bays have reached the ears of the world. The annual festival maintains the traditions of the Spanish days, when pirates made these parts their rendezvous. This is the Tampa from which Henry G. Plant opened operation on the West Coast. The other Henry—Flagler of the *East Coast* railroad, was his rival. Jointly they won fame and made a record as builders of Florida. They left their impress in Moorish architecture and made plans that have become realities, even to creating islands in the sea that have added the sites for thousands of artistic Florida homes. Structures that dot the



The skyline of Miami, the Magic City, called a transplanted "lil' old New York" in the Tropics

states everywhere, are an outstanding reflection of the Florida manner and method of home building in the renaissance of Mediterranean domiciles in America. All this suggests another Henry, who makes Fords in Detroit, and has a winter home in Fort Myers.

On the Penelas Peninsula is located the "Sunshine City," which retains the name of the home of the Czars in the old Russian regime. It was here that Lew Brown prints a paper which he offers to give away free every day that sun does not shine. Green benches were here first introduced reviving the neighborliness of the old times. Baseball fans soon discover that the New York Yankees and the Braves train here for the summer and feel that they have a "scoop" in witnessing winter practice games. The Festival of States held every March finds participants from every state in the Union. Restful charm and beauty are associated with sunny days in St. Petersburg. Among many superlative hotels in St. Petersburg is the Vinoy Park in charge of Clement E. Kennedy. He has made the beautiful structure a rendezvous where everything that can be provided for the comfort, pleasure and entertainment of guests on a trip to Florida is provided. Overlooking the beautiful bay filled with yachts, bordered with parks adorned with clusters of hibiscus and palms, the Vinoy Park is known as one of the queen hotels of fair Florida. To spend even a few days in St. Petersburg completes a cycle of content in "a trip to Florida."

The log of my tour by plane, by bus and by rail, over that enchanted area known as Florida indicated Daytona Beach with its enduring attractions a focal center. The Daytona Forum, the mother of the Florida forums, under Dr. Robert Shailor Holmes has become internationally renowned. Mr. John D. Rockefeller on the golf links nearby at Ormond, despite his ninety years lives ever happily with his faith unshaken in Florida. Birthdays come and go with him, but in his soft mellow voice he comments cheerfully on with friends hoping to celebrate the winter following his hundredth birthday in the Orange blossom state.

Punta Gorda with its avenue of royal palms and Gulf Coast charms is courageously bridging over from a hopeful past to the still more hopeful future with a million dollar bridge completed, provided by folks who know how to get the most out of the span of life.

Lakeland with its beautiful central lake, bordered with stately steps and walks suggests an settled cultured center of the old world thoroughly renovated. This city is the home of Southern College, under the direction of President Ludd M. Spivey, who has already made it one of the leading educational institutions of the south.

At Deland amid stately moss-covered trees is Stetson College, one of the earliest educational institutions in Florida, founded by a man who had faith. An enthusiastic student body producing original plays and getting in the "swing of life" under the direction of President Lincoln Hulley, is facing forward to the future with true Floridian fervor.

My note book is filled to overflowing with

more good material concerning Florida than ever before. Date lines extend from the pride city of Western Florida, Pensacola, with its wonderful harbor, on through the area that fascinated the earliest settlers of the continent. Names of the cities brought back a floodtide of memories of the days when the newspapers were filled with Florida date lines every day while investors were pouring in from every state in the Union, on a trip to the Florida that still remains a cohesive empire state from

There was a time when Florida material appeared in all the magazines and newspapers, but "Priscilla" has spoken to "John Alden" Florida, and he speaks for himself these days. Many sprightly magazines, newspapers and periodicals are printed in Florida, conducted at a tempo that would indicate that irrepressible exploitation still persists.

\* \* \*

The virtues and value of Florida are now presented in a most attractive and



The picturesque moss that clings to live oaks

Pensacola to the tip of Key West.

There is a magic in that name of Miami. The moment that I arrived here it seemed as if I were moving faster. Familiar faces on the street made me feel that this was a real home haven. Towering skyscrapers and Court House still remain watchtowers for the capital of Tropical Florida. There they rush across the causeways to the beach, the exhilarating breezes and scent of flowers and the same old real estate fraternity that has made Florida famous. The Hiralda Tower of the Miami-Biltmore at Coral Gables still beckoned to the charming cluster of incomparable homes that out-Spain Spain in Coral Gables. More settled and sedate than early days, Miami was still Miami. The University and other cultural activities continue fulfilling the dreams of the early pioneers.

At Miami Beach is located Dr. Joseph H. Adams who has developed the value of the health-given and restorative ultra-violet rays of the sun to the nth degree. His experimental research has awakened keen interest among scientists and the medical fraternity all over the world. Children were brought here from the north and precious little lives restored under the magic of Nature's healing powers in Florida. This has resulted in an institution provided by Dr. Adams that has become world-famous. The sun's ultra-rays have been proved more effective here than any other habitable part of the earth's surface.

wholesome manner by its own publications. The pages are suffused with a dashing "go-ahead" determination. Content pages cover every phase of alluring activities and scintillate with stories about the Eminent of "front page" fame who go to Florida for rest and recreation and a modest hope of personal publicity. Topics include senioritas and cigars in Tampa, sketchy fashion skits "with or without" clothes, picturesque and colorful stories of the vanishing Seminole, detailed accounts of the sports, including All-American air races.

Records of the pastimes and glorious living of ages past are modestly applied to Florida and the Epiphany Festival marking the close of the Christmas holidays is the overture for winter festivities. Walking on her own publicity legs these times, the Florida quill drivers find an abundance of material to keep the visitors and people in all the states of the nation agog with some new innovation that reflects the impulse of adventurous exploration which resulted in the discovery of "a land" that everybody can talk about, write about, dream about, praise or curse as personal experiences may incline. Whether the winter is mild or severe, whether it is raining or storming, Florida still beckons and encourages a purpose that sooner or later comes to the people from all parts of the compass, culminating in the hopeful anticipation and happy realization of some day "A Trip to Florida."



## Biographic Flash of a Hoosier Banker

Continued from page 42

ings Co., in 1905 and later became connected with J. M. Studebaker, president of the St. Joseph Loan and Trust Company at South Bend, Indiana, moving there to become vice-president of the bank in 1908. Six years later he became president of this banking institution and vice-president of the St. Joseph County Savings Bank and was off for a real start.

Contact with all sorts of people inspired that confidence in personal integrity which is the greatest asset of any banking institution. In a few years he became known as one of the leading bankers in the state and served as president of the Indiana Bankers Association. Advancement was logical as he took an active part in the American Bankers Association, becoming president in 1930.

An irredeemable optimism flowers even in the era of "frozen confidence." His philosophy of self help as a basic solution was put to the test in his own early struggles. He has little patience with those continually asking for doles in one form or another. The plan he scheduled in days of prosperity comes to mind in dull times—well to remember in the future. He insists that the first thing to study in solving unemployment, is for the individual to begin thinking out his own problem in the sunny days. Two propositions which he submitted have worked out in many specific instances as well as in the past during these times.

He has declared:

(1) I would build a savings-bank reserve equal to my normal income for three months. That is, if I earned two hundred and fifty dollars a month, I would make it my goal to get and to keep on hand, in cash, in some savings bank where I could always get at it, at least seven hundred and fifty dollars. That buffer would see me through most emergencies.

(2) Having done that, I would then start building a secondary reserve. I would go to my banker for advice, telling him I wanted to buy the soundest securities I could get, yielding somewhat more than savings bank interest—such as government and municipal bonds, and others that get the highest ratings in the manuals. These bonds would be of such a character that I could always sell them at once if I had to—or my banker would accept them as col-

lateral security for a loan if I needed to borrow. My *minimum* goal in this secondary reserve would be one year's salary. With such an amount to fall back on, growing as my normal needs grow, hardly any emergency would ever be likely to get me clear down.

"This is a sane, normal program, and nothing could be simpler. Yet I can think of nothing more important to take along into the promising period just ahead."

Years ago I saw Rome C. Stephenson in his home town of South Bend, Indiana, and he had already become a leader, although I did not get the full measure of the big, broad mind that operated in the head on big, broad shoulders with big, broad views of life.

In his public career there has been a paradox, for although he has been known as a banker, his popularity with the home folks resulted in his election to the State Senate where he served three sessions with distinction.

His son Joseph Maxwell Stephenson was publisher of the South Bend *News-Times* and president of the Conservative Life Insurance Co. Another son Hugh R. Stephenson is in the employ of the Bankers Trust Company of New York.

In the cheery notes I have had from Mr. Stephenson during the lapse of years, I have always found that he never drifts far from the very human viewpoint. The farm situation was analyzed through concrete information from farmers in and around the home town. In South Bend he discovered an energetic farmer and his wife living on a 160 acre farm, and even at the low prices of products, averaging one hundred dollars in proceeds every week from berries, fruits, vegetables, chicken and eggs which are offered for sale all the year around and turkeys in the fall. As if this was not enough, the wife told of selling cakes and pies at her market booth that added extra figures on the cash register and helped in the total of net profits.

As in everything else the matter of management has much to do with the financial success of an vocation. A keen perception of every possible opportunity for making an extra dollar or so with a little extra effort or so always counts, but very few successful occupations can be limited to a

mere measurement of work by the clock. The thought and concentration must go merrily on with a vision and enthusiasm that create opportunities that otherwise never would appear.

It would not be an article about Rome Stephenson without reference to his message of hopefulness at this time. He insists:

"We are already on the upswing, of course, and are definitely entering another cycle of good times. Most of us know the familiar 'signs.' Curves on charts. General confidence returning. More people saying, 'The worst is over.' Commodity prices at stable levels. More factory wheels turning. Inventories at a minimum. Savings at a peak. Unemployment becoming less serious. Agriculture recovering. . . .

"In short, the weather vane is set toward prosperity. This has been the great-granddaddy of all business depressions within my experience, and in past periods of this kind we have always climbed out one by one. I think we will do so this time. In fact, good times are already here for many. The vice president of a big manufacturing company just told me that last month was their best in sales since September, 1929. Three hundred and fifteen million pairs of shoes were sold in this country last year, and one brilliantly managed company sold more than one hundred million of them. Neither of these companies is worried about profits. There are others equally well off. Next month there will be more. The month after, still more."

There is something that rings true in the sincerity of purpose of Rome Stephenson as evidenced in his administration of the national organization of American bankers. It has been trying times for them in meeting the landslide that has come in the value of stocks and bonds upon which the loans of the banking business are largely based. But Mr. Stephenson finds, as other far-sighted men find, that the real wealth of the country is predicated on something more than stock quotations. An irreclaimable optimist, he recalls the age-old saying of the philosophers of old that no man can woo fortune's smile who does not believe irrevocably in the future of his country and the good faith of his fellow man.

## Collecting Salt Deposits from Rain Water

Continued from page 43

with his education received the degree of A. M. and Ph.D. in geology and chemistry. It was while at Cazenovia that he obtained the funds for his first laboratory.

Since coming to Cornell college in 1899 as professor of chemistry and head of the department, he has published four books on chemistry: "Quantitative Analysis," "Blow Pipe Analysis," which has just been published in its thirteenth edition, "Chemical Arithmetic," and the "Chemistry Colloids." Other publications consist of 100 chemical articles appearing in scientific journals, mostly in the *Chemical News*, London, and

200 popular articles in young people's magazines.

The inclusion of the sketch of Dr. Knight's life work in the British Who's Who is an honor which has been accorded to few Americans. Dr. Knight has been included in Who's Who in America for 25 years.

## Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 49

Henry L. Stimson was sixty-nine the other day. He was at his office a little earlier than usual, and stayed at his desk until quite late in the afternoon. Like the presi-

dency, the Secretary of State's problems have been arduous and consistently difficult. Secretary Stimson has kept on the job earnestly and much that he has done the nation, of course, will never fully realize, in its full importance of achievement.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen is back at her apartment in the Methodist Building, giving nice buffet suppers, and ingratiating herself with the "ladies and gentlemen of the press" who swear by her. Mrs. Owen is very popular, and has many of those same qualities which characterized her father. Personal qualities, we mean, for the most part.

## Washington, Two Hundred Years After

*Continued from page 66*

"If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

### *Alarms About Monticello and Mount Vernon*

In 1781 the British Captain Tarleton with his band of redcoat raiders swung up from the southwest. Tarleton reached Charlottesville, and the hoof prints of his horse may be seen at the entrance of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, to this day. Jefferson escaped.

Shortly after the Tarleton scare British ships appeared in the Potomac and anchored off Mount Vernon. Lund Washington, superintendent of the estate, bargained with the officers not to destroy Mount Vernon. Washington wrote a rebuke to his kinsman that has been reprinted many times.

"I am sorry to hear of your loss," the letter ran. "I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that which gives me most concern is, that you should go on board the enemy's vessels, and furnish them with refreshments. It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my House and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them with a view to prevent conflagration. It was not in your power, I acknowledge, to prevent them from sending a flag on shore, and you did right to meet it; but you should, in the same instant that the business of it was unfolded, have declared explicitly, that it was improper for you to yield to the request; after which, if they had proceeded to help themselves by force, you could have but submitted; and (being unprovided for defense) this was to be preferred to a feeble opposition, which only serves as a pretext to burn and destroy."

### *Yorktown*

Cornwallis had defeated Gates at Camden, South Carolina, August 16, 1780. Gates had proven himself a poor leader when separated from Washington and his direct support. He had schemed at one time to replace Washington as head of the army, and his failure in the South heartened the British who boasted in the Summer of 1780 that they had America whipped! But they were disillusioned at the Battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, by the overwhelming defeat of the British troops on October 7. The "loyalists" had been very troublesome in

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work done by American Telephone and Telegraph.

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the Western Carolinas and they had gone to the extreme of hanging ten patriots on the limb of a tulip-tree to emphasize the fact that this section of the South was controlled by, and in sympathy with the Mother country. The defeat of the British was preceded, and accompanied by reckless destruction of human life. The result caused the British to "sing another tune" about defeating the patriot cause. The British were already traveling "the last mile" on the way to Yorktown, where almost exactly one year later they were to receive a crushing defeat.

At this period of grueling struggle the "Continental paper money" was worthless, and the soldiers deserted in greater

number than ever before. Many of them went over to the enemy, to get food, shelter and clothing. In the meantime the war wore on—as all wars wear on while they deplete credit, resources, armies, navies, and the Nations that have had to support that method of settling the difference between peoples and Governments.

At the time of our direst need the French at length came to the aid of the struggling colonies.

In 1781 the scene shifted to Yorktown. The French arrived. Lafayette, who had been tormenting Cornwallis, and had met his forces at a point shown by a historical marker on the Richmond-Washington

*Continued on page 73*



# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

## *A Conservationist*

Poor Ghandi, the breech-clouted Hindoo,  
Is doing the best that he can do,  
For all the world knows that he doesn't wear clothes  
Anywhere he can make his brown skin do.

## *Ladies Invited*

They used to pull their prize fights off  
In dark barns, far away,  
With doors close shut and bolted, but  
They're parlor stunts today.

## *Shy Politicians*

The party leaders of the land  
Have not decided yet  
If it's safe for them to try to stand  
On a plank that's dripping wet.

## *O You Husband!*

No doubt you're about the most worthy of men  
And all that you should be, but, say,  
If your wife had her life to live over again  
Would she make you her husband today?

## *Can You Blame Him?*

The average man quite naturally  
Is sure to wear a frown  
And feel considerably cut up  
When his wages are cut down.

## *Transposed*

When Tommy had the tummyache  
And the doctor came, said he,  
"Are you in pain?" and Tommy sobbed,  
"No, sir! the pain's in me."

## *Among the Breakers*

Japan, as she goes crashing round  
Reminds us of our Dinah  
For where she goes is, likewise, found  
A lot of broken China.

## *At the Head*

In life's great game you'll notice that  
The ones who take the trick  
Have level heads but never flat,  
Long heads but never thick.

## *Then and There*

Reform is bound to come, we know,  
But 'twould occur much sooner  
If folks who hear the radio  
Could strike back at the crooner.

## *Give Them a Chance*

Don't be too ready to despise  
Crude men; for, don't forget  
Some ugly worms are butterflies  
That haven't blossomed yet.

## *A Toast*

Let us eat, drink and be merry,  
And with never a thought of the gout:  
Let's forget every sorrow, today, for tomorrow  
We'll have indigestion, no doubt.

## *Too Many Jeremiahs*

Life wouldn't seem quite such a bore  
To lots of folks, we guess,  
If they would laugh a little more  
And lament a whole lot less.

## *And Which Corner?*

"Good times are just around the corner,"  
Some good people say,  
But for nearly a year there's been growing a fear  
They are headed the other way.

## *Premature Spring*

When a warm spell inveigles  
Their buds from the mold  
Do the crocusses cuss  
When the weather turns cold?

## *Tother Way Round*

"The good die young." Did they survive  
They, like we common mortals, would  
In later years at wrong connive.  
"Twere better said, "The young die good."

## *Reducing*

Though "Uncle Sam" has always looked  
As though he'd like a dinner,  
In these hard times will he become  
Still lankier and thinner?

## *Readjustments*

Of course, we'll all cut down our pay,  
If the worst shall come to worst,  
But we'll be wise and let other guys  
Reduce their stipends first.

## *Making it Easy for Hoover*

Though he has a mammoth job on hand  
He'll easily pull through  
With every nitwit in the land  
A-telling him what to do.

## *Theory and Practice*

Our pet theories bring so much joy to our cup  
Till by practice their beauty is racked  
And the fair feet of Fancy get all tangled up  
In the sticky fly-paper of Fact.

## *The Point of View*

Though the world may seem soggy and sad to the churl  
With his vision beclouded and simple,  
It is one long laugh-making joy to the girl  
Who has beautiful teeth and a dimple.

## Washington, Two Hundred Years After

*Continued from page 71*

road, had the British penned in on the Yorktown peninsular, and the French fleet was standing off shore. Washington marched four hundred miles, the last part of the journey being down through his native Virginia.

With his army and the French land and naval forces that were put ashore from the fleet he had a superior force that made short work of Cornwallis.

On the "Surrender Ground" at Yorktown the old house in which the "terms" were arranged, may be seen today. Yorktown is a noble and satisfying sight for the American who loves his country's history.

### Returns to Mount Vernon

On Christmas Eve, 1783, George and Martha Washington, accompanied by two



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Colonels, a colored servant and the driver of their coach arrived at the western door of Mount Vernon Mansion, at sunset. The day was as balmy as May. From every point came servants, young and old. The military attendants gave their bridles to the grooms. The colored servants were playing their fiddles and banjos, and pistols were fired outside. They were at home, sweet home, at last.

Again George and Martha Washington took up the broken threads of home life at Mount Vernon. He drew plans for the enlargement of the buildings, as they are to be seen today. Eagerly he visited his fields and resumed the management of his plantation.

He wrote his friend, Governor Clinton: "The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic virtues."

### Preserving the Fruits of Victory

He addressed a letter to the Governors of the States at the close of the war outlining his opinions concerning methods that should be employed in establishing a permanent and stable Federal government. This letter said:

"There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence, of the United States, as an independent power:—

"First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

"Second. A regard to public justice.

"Third. The adoption of a proper peace establishment: and,

"Fourth. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community."

In his farewell address to the army he declared as his opinion "that unless the principles of the Federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the Nation would be lost forever."

It is clearly evident that Washington had no delusions about the dangers that threatened the future. Even though the war was over there could be no relaxation from the anxieties of establishing the Republic on a safe and sound foundation. He foresaw that the existing temporary form of Government must be succeeded by a more carefully organized system, and that the superhuman problem of the future would be to bring order out of chaos. He must continue to be the leader.

## Making the Golden Rule a Reality

*Continued from page 44*

tion of the Golden Rule, many similar activities have enlisted an outpouring of

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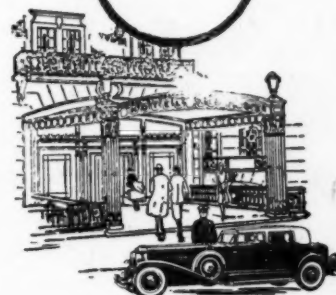
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The Golden Rule Week will impel the purpose of a practical idealism that may lead to our dreams of even having a "bit of heaven on earth" through the enactment by individuals, family groups, states, and even nations, of this commandment that came from the lips of the loving Master.



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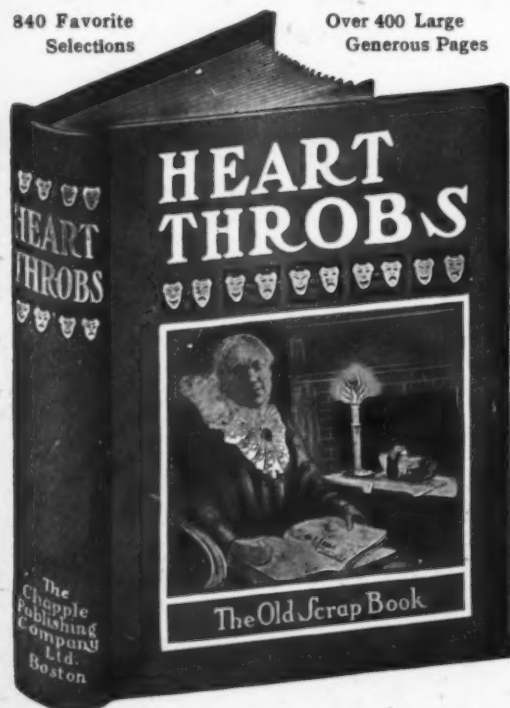
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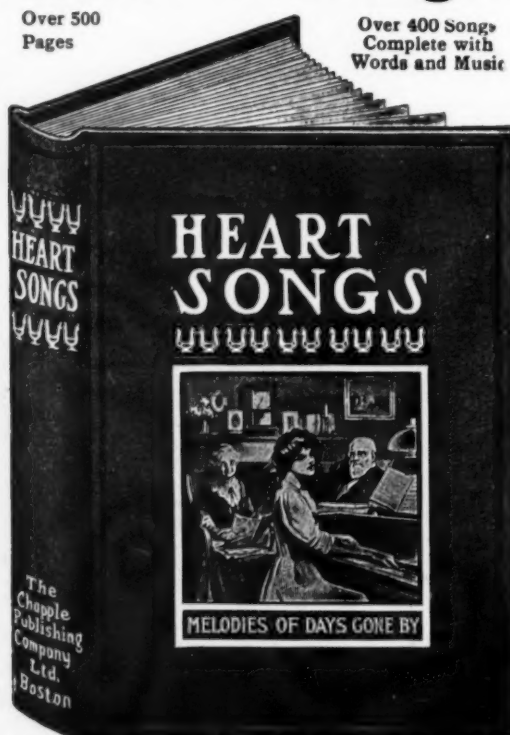
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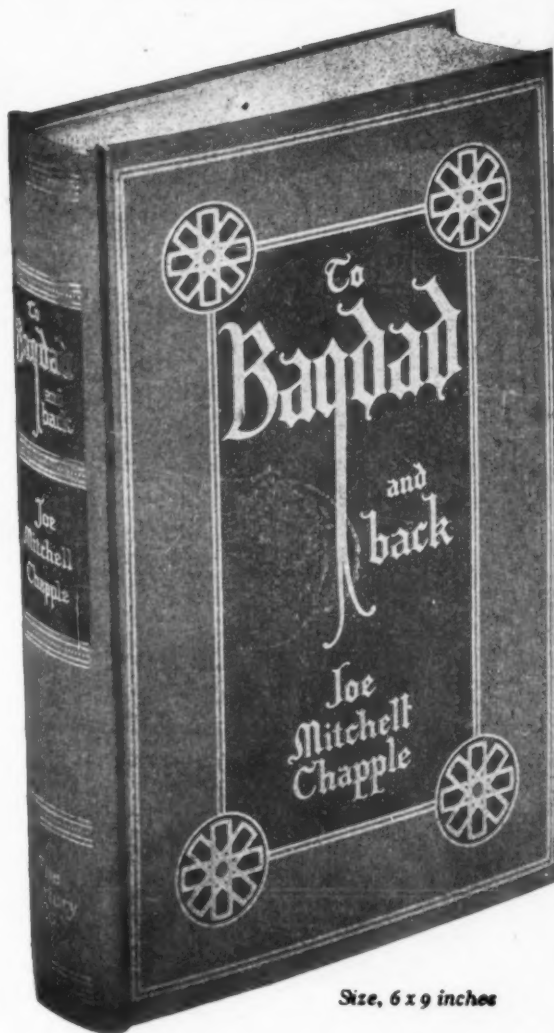
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When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward-flowing tide of time;  
And many a sheeny summer morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old;  
True Musliman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson

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the hand of Time that laid low  
the Eternal City, Bagdad was  
old when the mythical story of  
Romulus and Remus told of the  
mythical origin of Rome. Older  
than the temples among whose  
ruins Mary and the Child sought  
shelter from the wrath of Herod;  
old, nay, hoary with age—when  
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,  
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